NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1930

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Visâkhâ: A Woman Disciple of the Buddha

BESIDES the supreme figure of the Buddha and the noble personalities of his leading disciples, a host of men and women are depicted in the Pali Buddhist Scriptures, and many of them are drawn with a lively sense of reality, and often with much genuine humour. We cannot say for certain that in each case the likeness is exact, but we can say that the portrait represents a figure in the mind of the artist; what he conceived to be a genuine type among his contemporaries.

It may be interesting to consider some of the women thus pictured by Buddhist chroniclers and elders, for in this way we may gain an insight into the view of these recorders, as to the character of an ideal woman, and also into the features and manner of living among women in general, in that remote world two and a half millenniums ago. Of even greater interest is the attitude of the Buddha himself toward women, with his willingness or unwillingness to accept them as disciples, members of his Order.

Among the many women who appear in the pages of the Buddhist writings one may begin with the queens and high ladies of the court of King Suddhodana, father of Prince Siddhartha, later known as the Buddha. Suddhodana ruled over the Sakyas, having his palace in the city of Kapilavastu, so called in honour of the ancient sage Kapila, to whom is attributed the transcendental teaching later made formal in the Sankhya system. Of the ladies of the court Queen Maya stands first. A very ancient book records that, when Queen Maya gave birth to her son, the angels sang, rejoicing. When an aged seer asked them why they rejoiced, the angels answered: "He that shall become the Buddha is born in the settlement of the Sakyas for the welfare and happiness of mankind. Therefore we are full of joy!" When the child was five days old he was named Siddhartha. Two days later his mother, Queen Maya, died, and Queen Maya's sister, who was known as Maha Pajapati Gotami, "great consort

belonging to the Gotama clan", became his foster mother. When he was nineteen, Prince Siddhartha was married to his cousin, Princess Yasodhara. Ten years later their son Rahula was born, and not long after, Prince Siddhartha left his wife and son and made the great renunciation, which was the beginning of years of spiritual effort, at the end of which he became the Awakened One, the Buddha.

Some time after the Order was founded, the Buddha journeyed to Kapilavastu and paid a visit to his royal father. It is recorded that his teaching won the heartfelt adherence of the royal lady Maha Pajapati, who formed the desire of joining the Order which her foster son had established. Visiting him in the park where he was resting with his disciples, Maha Pajapati made obeisance to him, and, standing reverently at his side, begged him that he would permit women as well as men to make the great withdrawal, and to enter the Order founded by the Tathâgata, following the teaching and discipline which he had given to the Order.

But, we are told, the Buddha was unwilling to grant her request, even when she pressed it on him a second and a third time. His foster mother was sorrowful and departed weeping. The Buddha on his part departed with his disciples and took up his abode with them in the forest at Vesali.

Maha Pajapati was not to be turned aside from her aspiration even by thrice repeated refusal. She took what steps were within her power to constitute herself a disciple, a member of the Order, donned the saffron-coloured robe, and with women companions of like mind, followed the Buddha on foot to Vesali. It is recorded that, coming to the Buddha's abode, she stood outside the entrance weeping.

There the noble Ananda saw her, listened to the story of her aspiration, and undertook to plead her cause with his great Master. At first Ananda pleaded in vain, even though he repeated his plea three times. Then he bethought himself to try a flank movement. Therefore he asked his Master:

"Is it possible for women, Sire, if they make the great withdrawal, accepting the teaching and discipline of the Tathâgata, to win the fruit of conversion, the fruit of returning only once to this world, the fruit of returning no more, the reward of Arhatship?"

The Buddha was compelled to admit that each one of these steps of spiritual attainment, even the noble consummation of Arhatship, was possible for women as well as for men.

Then Ananda, having established his position, made a personal appeal. He reminded the Buddha that the lady Maha Pajapati was the sister of Queen Maya; that she had been the Buddha's foster mother; and, finally, he put his request once more, praying the Buddha to accept both Maha Pajapati and other like-minded women as members of the Order. The Buddha finally consented, but he made his consent conditional:

"If, Ananda, Maha Pajapati will accept eight stringent rules, she may be admitted to the Order.

"First, a woman disciple, even if she has been a disciple for a hundred years, shall salute, rise to meet, humbly entreat, and perform all dutiful offices for a male disciple, even though he were ordained that very day.

"Second, a woman disciple shall not keep residence in a district where there are no male disciples.

"Third, at the new moon and at the full moon a woman disciple shall wait until the congregation of male disciples have appointed the day of fasting and until one of them comes to administer the admonition.

"Fourth, at the end of residence a woman disciple shall seek criticism from the congregation of the men and from the congregation of the women, as to what may have been seen, or heard, or suspected.

"Fifth, if a woman disciple incur grave sin, she shall undergo penance toward both the congregations.

"Sixth, a woman probationer, after she has spent two years in practice of the six rules, shall seek admission into the Order from both congregations.

"Seventh, a woman disciple shall not revile or abuse a male disciple in any way.

"Eighth, women disciples may not reprove male disciples officially, but male disciples may reprove women disciples officially.

"These rules shall be honoured, esteemed, revered and reverently obeyed; they must not be broken so long as life shall last."

On these terms the lady Maha Pajapati was admitted to the Order, which, thereafter, included women as well as men. The words translated "male disciple" and "woman disciple" are *Bhikku* and *Bhikkuni*, literally meaning men and women who live by alms, but more especially used to indicate members of the Buddha's Order.

There is another class of followers of the Buddha, likewise consisting of men and women, those who were called lay disciples, or, in Pali, *Upâsaka*, with the feminine *Upâsikâ*, derived from a Sanskrit word meaning "sitting near", and, therefore, sitting at the feet of a teacher. There are many stories of pious lay disciples, both men and women, who devoutly followed the teaching of the Buddhâ without leaving the world or seeking admission to the Order. Among the women lay disciples the lady Visâkhâ stands first.

A large part of the interest of her story lies in the ideal of womanhood it presents, but it is also interesting as giving a picture of society in Eastern India twenty-five centuries ago, even if there be some exaggeration in the number of millions possessed by the wealthy "men of treasure," who may well be thought of as bankers.

The father of Visâkhâ was a "man of treasure", Dhananjaya by name, who was the son of the famous Mendaka, likewise a "man of treasure." The father of Visâkhâ was an inhabitant of the city of Bhaddiya, and in Bhaddiya, Visâkhâ was born. Her mother was named Sumanâ, "well-minded", while the name of the daughter is less clear; it may either mean "widely branching" in a sense which will later appear, or "well pruned," a reference to the admirable fruit of discipline upon her character.

It happened that when Visâkhâ was seven years old, the Buddha journeyed eastward and visited the city in which her father dwelt. And we are told that in the city, besides Mendaka, the "man of treasure", there were five other men of limitless wealth, or, as we should say, multimillionaires.

When Mendaka heard that the Buddha had come, he sent for his seven year old granddaughter, Visâkhâ, and bade her pay a visit to the Buddha, in a procession of five hundred chariots, with five hundred attendants and five hundred servants.

The little maid obeyed, but, because she knew well what was seemly, she did not proceed in her chariot to the place where the Master was, but, driving only as far as was seemly, she dismounted from her chariot, went forward on foot, and making obeisance, stood dutifully beside the Master. And the Master imparted to her the teachings of the Law of Righteousness, so that she was won to his teaching, and her five hundred maidens with her. Her grandfather, Mendaka, had come with her to the place where the Master was. He also was won by the teaching, and invited the Buddha and the members of the Order to be his guests at the first meal on the morrow, and for two weeks he supplied them liberally, after which the Master departed from Bhaddiya.

King Bimbisara and King Pasenadi were united by close ties, since Bimbisara had married the sister of Pasenadi, while Pasenadi had married the sister of Bimbisara. And one day the thought came to King Pasenadi that, whereas there were five men of great treasure, possessing many millions each, in the territory of Bimbisara, there were no such men of boundless wealth in the territory of Pasenadi himself. Therefore he determined to persuade king Bimbisara to transfer one of the men of great treasure to his dominions. After some objection, Bimbisara consented that Dhananjaya, father of the maiden Visâkhâ, should be thus transferred, and Dhananjaya himself agreed to the change of abode. So Dhananjaya made ready to depart with all his household when Pasenadi departed, to return to his city Savatthi. But before they reached the city, being yet seven leagues away, Dhananjaya, perceiving that the site was fair, and bethinking him that within the city there would be many people and little space, asked King Pasenadi to allow him to settle there, seven leagues from the city, and to build dwellings for his family and their attendants. And to this King Pasenadi assented.

Now it befell that in King Pasenadi's city there was a man of treasure, Migara by name, whose son had just reached man's estate. His mother admonished the young man that it was time for him to take a bride. At first he was unwilling, but at last, when they pressed upon him the duty of continuing the family, he unwillingly assented, saying that he would take only a maiden whose hair was beautiful, whose lips were beautiful, whose teeth were beautiful, whose skin was beautiful, and who possessed in addition the beauty of enduring youthfulness.

So the mother and father of the youth, undertaking to find for him a

perfect maiden to be his bride, summoned many Brahmans, made them many and great presents, and sent them forth to search for her. And in due time these Brahmans found their way to the place where Dhananjaya had settled with his followers, his wealth, and his virtuous daughter, Visâkhâ. Each year there was held a festival, when maidens even of the highest rank were wont to go forth on foot to the river with their attendants, and the wealthy sons of the warrior clans, taking up their positions beside the road that led to the river, crowned with flowers the fair maidens of equal rank. So the maiden Visâkhâ came among them, with five hundred maidens, her attendants.

Suddenly there came a storm of rain, and the five hundred maidens of Visâkhâ immediately began to run towards a hall by the river, where they took refuge from the rain. But Visâkhâ did not run, but walked sedately toward the hall, even though her garments and ornaments were wet. As she approached, the Brahmans who had come in quest of a perfect maiden saw that she had beautiful hair, beautiful lips, beautiful skin and beauty of enduring youth. So, to make certain that she had also beautiful teeth, they spoke, so that she might hear:

"Our daughter is lazy; she will not take good care of her future husband!"

Hearing them, Visâkhâ asked what they had said, and her voice was sweet and resonant. When they repeated their words, she asked why they had said so. They answered that it was because she had lagged behind her attendants, so that her garments were wet with rain.

Visâkhâ answered: "Say not so, worthy Brahmans! Though I am a better runner than my attendants, yet I had a good reason for not running. For there are four who do not appear at their best while running: an anointed king in the court of his palace; the king's elephant of state when richly caparisoned; a monk who has retired from the world; and, fourth, a woman, for men will ask why she rushes about like a man. And in addition, were a maiden to fall, and break a hand or a foot, it would be difficult for her parents to find her a husband. For these reasons I did not run!"

While she was talking, the Brahmans noted the beauty of her teeth. And when she was silent they set the gold wreath upon her head. Visâkhâ, knowing that it was a wreath of betrothal, asked concerning the family from whom it came. When she learned that the family which sought her in marriage was of equal rank with her own, she sent a message to her father that a chariot might be despatched to bring her home, since it was not seemly that, after she had received the wreath of betrothal, she should return home on foot. So her father, well pleased, sent chariots for Visâkhâ and her maidens. And the Brahmans accompanied Visâkhâ to where her father was.

He in his turn asked concerning the senders of the wreath of betrothal, and their riches. He was told their names, and that their wealth was forty tens of millions, and, learning that they were of equal rank and of great wealth, even though far less than he himself possessed, he was well

pleased and gave his consent to the union. The Brahmans returned and reported that their quest of the perfect flower of maidenhood had been crowned with success. The father of the future bridegroom was deeply impressed, and sought and received from King Pasenadi permission to go to pay a visit to his future kin. And King Pasenadi himself, remembering that he had brought the prospective father-in-law of the young Punnavadhana to his present home, determined that it would be a graceful and appropriate thing for himself to pay the man of treasure a royal visit.

Then follow several pages of description, in which the saintly and ascetic chroniclers of Pali scripture, who have renounced all the pomps and vanities of the world, let themselves go in a series of gorgeous descriptions which mere worldly historians might envy, but could not possibly surpass. Thus we are told that the bridegroom's father, learning that King Pasenadi purposed to accompany him on his ceremonial visit, had not unnatural misgivings that the call on the hospitality of the man of treasure might be excessive, and very tactfully sent messengers to make inquiries. The return message came: "Let ten kings come if they wish!"

And splendid preparations were in fact made, the maiden Visâkhâ presiding over every detail of the arrangements, with a keen insight which was the reward of aspiration, not through one or two former lives, but "through a hundred thousand world-cycles". The maiden made provision for every guest of whatever degree, so that none might say: "We came to Visâkhâ's party, and got no reward, for we spent the whole time looking after our horses and elephants!"

In the same large way the monkish recorders describe the jewelry which her father had prepared for the future bride. There was a gorgeous headdress fashioned in the likeness of a peacock, the value of which, we are told, was ninety millions, and in addition the bride received five hundred and forty millions to provide perfumes. She was further supplied with immense herds of cattle, and, when the time came to provide her with personal attendants, the entire population volunteered enthusiastically to accompany her, so that it was necessary to beat them back with staves. Then comes the note of edification. The bride had earned all this munificence by her immense gifts to the followers of the Buddhas of old. All maidens who desired like rewards should be equally generous.

Then comes a touch of universal human nature. The peerless maiden Visâkhâ, accompanied by her retinue, and accompanying her future father-in-law, drew near to Savatthi, where she was to dwell. She was wearing her peacock head-dress, and the question arose in her mind, whether she should enter the city in a closed carriage or standing erect in a chariot. After duly pondering the problem, she decided thus:

"If I am in a covered carriage when I enter, no one will see my beautiful peacock head-dress!" Therefore she entered, standing erect in her chariot, and all the city admired. The ascetic recorders do not tell us for which of her former good works she was rewarded by this happy inspiration.

So Visâkhâ entered the home of her father-in-law and settled down most dutifully in her new life. It will be remembered that, when she was seven years old, she had paid a visit to the Buddha and had been won to his teaching, remaining ever thereafter a faithful *Upâsikâ*. Her father-in-law did not share her views, but adhered to the old school of Brahman ascetics, who are represented in the story as both jealous and abusive, advising the man of treasure to turn his heretical daughter-in-law out of doors. But, since the daughter-in-law had brought with her a large company of her own people and much wealth, it was not easy to send her forth.

There came an occasion, however, when the man of treasure turned against her. We are told that one morning he was regaling himself with porridge in a golden bowl, with honey added as a relish, his daughter-in-law standing dutifully by his side fanning him, when an elder, a follower of the Buddha, entered the house. The man of treasure saw his visitor, but remained as one who saw not, continuing to regale himself with porridge and honey.

Visâkhâ, for whom an elder, an honoured follower of her Master, was one to be held in reverence, skilfully expressed her sense of the situation, and rebuked the bad manners of her father-in-law:

"Pass on, venerable sir!" she said, "my father-in-law is eating stale fare!" The man of treasure was furious, and gave orders that she should be turned out of his house forthwith. But, since all the servants in the house were hers, the order fell flat, to the intense mortification of the man of treasure.

The situation which resulted finely reveals Visâkhâ's firmness of character and at the same time her dutifulness and strong sense of discipline.

She did not give orders, as she might easily have done, that the offending father-in-law should be turned out of doors, but she took him somewhat severely to task, saying she was no wench picked up at a bathing-place, to be summarily turned out of doors. But she opened a way of conciliation, reminding her father-in-law that her grandfather had provided for just such an occasion, by sending with her eight worthy householders as trustees or assessors, to arbitrate any disputes that might arise between the heiress and her new family. The man of treasure was somewhat mollified and had the eight assessors summoned. When they appeared, his feeling of hurt dignity blazed up again:

"This young woman," he said, "when I was eating porridge in a golden bowl, said that I was eating unclean food! Condemn her and turn her out!"

But the eight assessors, who recognized that their duty was to protect the interests of Visâkhâ, asked her to give her side of the story. Visâkhâ explained that her phrase concerning the eating of stale food was a symbolical way of saying that her father-in-law was consuming stale merit, earned in past lives, while he might have been earning new merit by courteously and generously entreating the Buddhist elder whom she revered.

This reminded Visâkhâ's father-in-law of something that had puzzled him earlier, and, when the eight assessors gave their verdict in her favour, he put this question:

"When she was leaving home, Visâkhâ's father laid ten admonitions upon her, which I happened to overhear without comprehending their meaning. Let her now explain them!"

Pressed by her friends the assessors, Visâkhâ explained her father's purpose. When he said to her, "The in-door fire is not to be taken out of doors", he did not mean to withhold the fire of the hearth, but rather that, should she notice any shortcoming or fault in her home, whether in her mother-in-law, her father-in-law, or her husband, she should by no means speak of it abroad. In the same way the admonition that "Fire from without must not be brought indoors" meant that, should she hear criticism, whether by man or woman, of the members of her own household, she must never repeat it at home. The admonition, "Give only to him who gives", meant that she should lend only to those who would return what was lent. So, "Give not to him who does not give", meant that one should not lend to those who do not return what is lent. But the saying, "Give both to him who gives, and to him who gives not", had a more generous sense: relatives in want should be supplied, whether they could, or could not, make due return.

The remaining admonitions shed light on the family discipline and etiquette of that distant time and land, in certain respects sharply contrasted with "modern" views. Thus, "Sit fortunately!" meant that the young wife should rise in the presence of her mother-in-law, her father-in-law or her husband. "Eat fortunately!" in like manner meant that she must not eat until she had waited on them. "Sleep fortunately!" meant that all their needs must be attended to, before she herself sought rest. "Wait upon the fire!"meant that she should serve these members of her household as one tends the sacred fire. "Reverence the household divinities!" had a like meaning.

The assessors, pleased with so much effective humility, asked the man of treasure whether he still found fault with his daughter-in-law. When he replied that she was without fault, they asked him why, in that case, he had sought to have his daughter-in-law turned out of doors.

At this point, the story takes an unexpected turn. Visâkhâ, addressing her friendly assessors, says that it would have been quite wrong for her to leave her father-in-law's house while under an imputation of wrong-doing. Now, however, that she had been completely exonerated, it was her firm intention to go. Therefore she gave orders that her carriages should be made ready.

Since Visâkhâ is represented to us as of uncommon wisdom and practical sense, we may, perhaps, infer that she foresaw what would result from her downright announcement: a profuse and abject apology from her offending father-in-law. She accepted the apology, but on her own terms: namely,

that her adherence to the Buddha should be fully recognized. So we are not surprised when we learn that the man of treasure has decided to hear the Buddha's preaching, though, as a matter of form, he asks permission to sit behind a curtain. The Buddha consents. The man of treasure listens and is converted, and, thereafter, the whole family sets an example of pious generosity. Then comes the monkish delight in a good story. We are told that the lady Visâkhâ lived to be a hundred and twenty years old, with never a gray hair among her dark tresses. She looked, indeed, like a girl of sixteen, and, when she went abroad in the midst of her numerous daughters and still more numerous granddaughters, the people asked, "Which of these is Visâkhâ?" The devout recorders add a point of perfection which would hardly occur to a modern scribe: "Moreover, she was as strong as five elephants!" Nor are they content with affirming the prowess of their heroine. They go on to prove it; and in doing this, they show once again their delight in a good story.

The king, we are told, had heard that Visâkhâ possessed the strength of five elephants, and resolved to put her to the test. So, as he was returning from the dwelling-place of the Buddha and the Order of disciples, whither he had gone to hearken to the teaching of the Law of Righteousness, he released an elephant against her. The elephant raised his trunk and advanced against Visâkhâ. She was accompanied by five hundred women. Of these, a part fled terrified, a part clung to her in fear. Visâkhâ asked the meaning of their perturbation.

"Noble lady!" they answered, "the king, desiring to put your strength to the test, has released an elephant against you!"

Visâkhâ, fixing her eyes upon the elephant, bethought her, "What cause is there for me to flee? It is only a question of how I shall lay hold on him. If, I grasp him too hard, I may kill him!" So, when the elephant had approached, she took his trunk between her finger and thumb and forced him backward. The elephant was unable to resist, or to keep his footing; he fell back on his haunches in the courtyard of the king. Thereupon the multitude cried aloud with joy, and Visâkhâ and her women went safely homeward.

It is related in conclusion that Visâkhâ bestowed largesse upon the Order, building for the disciples a noble dwelling of two stories, with five hundred chambers on each story. When the work was completed and the Buddha had graciously accepted it, the heart of Visâkhâ was full of song, and there was song upon her lips, for a prayer that she had made ages ago was thus fulfilled.

FRAGMENTS

SOME say: when we have acquired virtue we may hope to approach the Master. They are humble souls and so far worthy, but they lack enlightenment. For how are we to attain those virtues? Most of us, if we have lived at all, know that nothing is more difficult; and there are few who have not, if only for worldly motives or some in-bred sense of decency or honour, tried to acquire them. May it not be that to approach the Master by all means in our power, will enable us of itself to obtain that "wedding garment" requisite for our admission to the feast of his companionship.

The mind is sadly complicated, and along its intricate pathways travel up the doubts and questionings of the lower world to impede our progress heavenward,—delay our day of liberation. Strange it is, but it often takes some resolution to turn aside from their footsteps and furtive whisperings, and to lay firm hold on the simple admonitions, enunciated from most ancient days, which bid us open our hearts and, in simple faith, go as a child to his father, trusting the Master's love and knowledge of our need.

We must realize, after full consideration, how complete is our inability to do for ourselves, since we are so blind and weak in all matters of the inner life, so quickly lost upon the best-known highways of the inner world. Again, if we stop here, we shall be caught in a vicious circle of the lower mind, and wandering about in it shall find ere many days, that our very desire to approach has been quietly snuffed out. Let us rather then follow our admonitions, forget ourselves, and what we are and are not, in an eager desire to go, trusting and obedient. Then and then alone shall we kindle love at the Master's love, virtue at his virtue, strength at his strength, and realize ourselves in realizing at last his longing for us. From whatever good there may be within us, will spring, as from a seed, a sublime wealth of virtue, brought to glorious fruition by the contagion of his own.

In these broad lines the "small old path" is simple; but the wraiths of hesitation, each some form of self, must be brushed ruthlessly aside, nor should we stop one moment to parley with them.

What is true of one Master is true of all, since each of these glories of the Lodge, in their various and ascending degrees, is but a facet of one Central Sun. Therefore the call goes forth, to come; the invitation stands, to come: but most men scorn and turn away; some men wish to haggle over terms, "hard terms" they call them; and some shrink timidly aside,—Some day, later on, when I am fit, they murmur.

Some day, later on, the gates will have closed, no call will sound, there will be no invitation; but in that day there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

O God, forbid that day, and give us strong hearts and strong men to keep it back,—to keep those gates wide open; and however the tides of time may turn to close them, give us those who will wedge them open, if need be with their very souls.

CAVÉ.

The Lover was all alone, in the shade of a fair tree. Men passed by that place, and asked him why he was alone. And the Lover answered: "I am alone, now that I have seen you and heard you; until now, I was in the company of my Beloved."—RAMON LULL.

Look thou within: within thee is the fountain of good, and it will ever spring, if thou wilt ever delve.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

INCARNATION

THE popular misapprehensions which have obscured and distorted the world's great philosophies, may be traced, in almost every instance, to a failure to comprehend their fundamental concepts. Theosophy has suffered much from such misapprehensions; and it is the purpose of this note to attack some of them at their root, by attempting to clarify a concept of the nature and meaning of life which underlies the greater part of religious philosophy, and which is basic in both Theosophy and Christianity—the concept of *incarnation.*

If we were to ask a chance acquaintance what, in his view, was the outstanding characteristic of theosophic thought, we should probably be told that it was a belief in Masters and in Karma, and, above all, in *Re-incarnation.* If we were to make similar inquiry regarding Christianity, the answer might be less ready, for in so-called Christian countries the forms of Christianity are so familiar as largely to pass unconsidered; but after a moment's reflection the reply might be that it was a belief in *The Incarnation,*—in Christ as the incarnation of the Godhead as man. Very clearly, therefore, in the substructure of both theosophic and Christian belief, behind both Re-incarnation and The Incarnation, lies the concept of incarnation itself, as a fact or process basic in human life and destiny. As has been said of languages that to understand one, more than one must be studied, and, conversely, that a thorough knowledge of one, brings all others within reach of comprehension; so we may find that the theosophic teaching of Re-incarnation, and the Christian teaching of The Incarnation, illumine and explain one another, when they are seen in relation to the primary concept upon which both rest.

Literally, of course, "incarnation" means the act of entering into flesh or of assuming the clothing of flesh; and from this, more generally, it has come to signify the entering into and ensouling of any vesture or form. Thus the primary supposition is that there is something other than the flesh—something which we call Spirit—that can enter into and clothe itself with flesh, subjugating and animating the flesh until it becomes but the vehicle for the action and self-revelation of the Spirit. This is the basic concept in both Theosophy and Christianity, and the process whereby incarnation is accomplished is regarded as the fundamental process of life,—that which is both its alpha and omega, its total significance, its origin, its purpose, and its goal.

Let us pause long enough to be sure that we grasp this: grasp that there is Being, that there is *That*—which is other than the flesh—which is unmanifest, intangible, invisible, escaping the balance and the scalpel, and that the purpose and meaning of life is that this hidden, occult Being should be brought to incarnation, should enter into flesh and clothe itself in human form, manifesting itself in the ensouling of man. So St. John's Gospel opens: "In the

beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory . . . " Everything that has been made has been made in this way. The whole process of evolution is the process of progressive incarnation, the uncreated, unmanifested Word descending into matter as the light and life of all beings, and by this light and life lifting them up and transforming them into closer likeness to itself. It is the universal process of life; ever continuing, but marked by nodal points of sharp transmutation as successive levels are transcended and more complete incarnation reached.

We have attempted elsewhere to gain light on the process of incarnation by extending the simile of the "Word", which St. John uses, to a consideration of human thought and speech. The thinker reaches up to an idea, a truth, which he himself may, as yet, apprehend but dimly,—aware of its existence and modifying pressure, but not yet aware of its full significance and bearing. As he attends upon it, there are drawn from his memory related concepts and ideas which group themselves around his central perception, as iron filings are drawn to group themselves around a magnet; and from these he strives to form a vesture and vehicle for his thought, words and sentences which will manifest it and in which it can incarnate. We all know that the difference between successful and unsuccessful speech is in just this: whether or no, and to what extent, the idea *does* incarnate in it, whether or no the vehicle is such as actually to permit of its incarnation and manifestation. In the one case, the speaker's words are made living. They come to us vibrant with life, the carriers of living truth and inspiration, which, entering our consciousness, quicken a kindred light and life in us, so that we are other and richer than we were before. In the other case, we are but subjected to a current of words, which submerge and stifle us in their flow, and leave our own perceptions numbed and bruised by their alien impact. We all know, too, what George Moore meant when, in describing the later style of Henry James, he said that James encircled his ideas with a long spiral of words which yet never reached that one word which would make the idea live—which was the true and fitting vesture in which it could incarnate. Very patently, therefore, the significance of speech, its power and actual effect, is not in the words themselves, nor in their tone and colour, nor the rhythm and flow and dance of their sequence, but in that which it, by these means, may incarnate. Paradoxical as it may seem, what appears to be the very perfection of a speech may prove its undoing; for in this the vehicle obtrudes itself, self-consciously parading its own graces, so that the idea, the living truth, remains unmanifest and discarnate. Truth has no need or love of other graces than its own.

This is why a crude, extempore speech may be far more effective than one which has been too carefully prepared and rehearsed—the very word is redolent of death, denied a decent burial. It is why, too, a speaker may lose his

hold upon his listeners if he read, instead of speak, to them. For in reading, as in speaking from memory, one is too often only reflecting, at second-hand, a garment in which truth once appeared to us; whereas in speaking sincerely and originally, one is looking directly at truth itself, offering the content of one's mind to it that it may fashion for itself the vesture it would wear. In such speech the process of incarnation is not something from the past, reflected as completed (well or ill), but is a present process, taking place in our midst, in the speaker and his listeners alike; here and now shaping "the stiff and sticky stuff" of words that truth may manifest itself through them, and enter into and ensoul them. It is the difference in the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance; for in the repentance the Creative Spirit is active, not passive, and the Word incarnates anew.

This, which we have observed in the example of human speech, may be seen equally in every facet of life's action. Everywhere the visible is surrounded and interpenetrated by the invisible, the inanimate by the animate which moulds it, and Spirit is ceaselessly pressing into incarnation wherever it can find entrance and a vehicle. As Emerson tells us that there is one mind common to all men, and that each individual mind is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same, so, wherever there is consciousness or life, there is the pressure behind it of richer consciousness and fuller life striving to give themselves to it, so that what is but partial may be made complete, and the whole may live incarnate in every part. Each truth attained and lived, opens the way to truth beyond.

Our present concern, however, is not with such infinite sequences as are here indicated, but rather to comprehend, as clearly as we can, the way in which each step is taken,—the way in which man opens himself to the Truth and Goodness and Beauty that he perceives inclining to him from above, so that they descend into him and live, incarnate, in him. It is in essence the same process that we have traced in the incarnation of ideas in speech, but it may be illustrated as well by any of man's creative acts and arts, by music, or painting, or sculpture; for creation must be ceaselessly guided by that which it would incarnate, and unless it culminates in incarnation, it fails and is stillborn. Let us look somewhat more closely, therefore, at the way in which the artist works, and the pitfalls he must avoid, remembering what *Light on the Path* tells us of "the pure artist who works for the love of his work", being often more firmly planted on the right road than many who make greater professions to higher aims.

As the foundation of all, there must be vision and there must be love. Before the sculptor touches his clay he must have seen with his inner eyes that into whose likeness he would mould it. If his sight be obscure, his touch will be uncertain. His constant effort is, therefore, to see ever more and more clearly; for our supposition is that he loves for itself the truth or beauty he has seen, and is therefore concerned to incarnate it as it is,—not merely to steal from it to aggrandize himself. With his vision clear, the sculptor works

upon his clay, turning constantly to his inner model. The clay is given its first rough form, its masses balanced and proportioned. Then touch after touch brings out the likeness, or, mistaken, obscures it. It is not always easy to recognize these mistakes at once; for they are hidden by the glamour which projects the inner upon the outer, so that intention is mistaken for achievement, and we see what we have done, not as it is, but as we purposed it to be. As it has been said that Maya is the one sakti of Atma, so this projection of the inner upon the outer is of the very essence of creation; but where it is not followed through, where action lags behind inspiration or turns aside from it—or where we seek for ourselves the reward of our work, and so look to its reflection in the psychic planes—then creation halts, robbed of its hold on substance, and passes into glamour. We become deluded, and objectify our desires as though they were realities. Thus mistakes stand unseen for what they are; and as they continue and accumulate, the unrecognized mingling of truth and error in the clay—of likeness and unlikeness to what the sculptor would express—is reflected back upon his inner vision. He no longer sees his model as it is, but with the veil upon it of his own efforts to portray it. Every artist knows this stage. If he continue his work despite it, unmindful of his growing blindness, he runs the risk of ruining it all; for soon he attempts to shape some feature, not seen clearly in his model, so as to make it harmonize with what he has already done. The direction of his effort changes. It is no longer vertical, from the unmanifest to the manifest, from inspiration to expression, but horizontal, from the manifest to the manifest, all on one plane. There is no virtue in such work; quite literally it is not work at all, for, in mechanics, work is done only in the passage from one potential plane to another. Therefore the sculptor must put his work away until he can regain the clarity of his inspiration.

There is scarcely a sentence in *Light on the Path* upon which a treatise might not be written, and the more we study this analogy of "the pure artist who works for the love of his work", the more illuminating it becomes. We cannot pause here to dwell upon all its lessons, but there are some at which we should at least look. One of them teaches us the place and function of death. As the sculptor, caught in the glamour of his own creation, must turn his back upon the clay, and by meditation seek again his conscious way into the inner world, or sleep and dream his vision once again, so must the spirit of man, caught in the glamour of the outer world, confused and blinded by his errors, lay aside its ill-fitting vesture of flesh, and stand forth unclothed save in the truth and beauty of what it itself is. The clay must be left behind, lest incarnation become perversion, or imprisonment. Yet as the artist, with his vision regained, and once more possessed by his inspiration, returns to his work, and seeing clearly what is good and what is wrong, retains the one and wipes out the other, so does the human spirit return again to the skandhas it has left, and set itself anew to the task of manifesting through them. Death is but an interlude. Effort must follow effort, partial incarnation follow partial incarnation, until the work be done and incarnation itself be attained.

Here many old questions rise to meet us, but now they bring something of their answers with them. We begin to understand what St. Paul meant when he said that he "died daily", leaving behind him the world and himself, and turning directly to the Master he served and the vision that possessed him. We see that to one who was perfected in detachment, death would be unnecessary. For though it is error and sin that necessitate death, they do so only because of the inability to recognize them for what they are, and to stand detached from them, working for their correction. Death does not free us from their karma, nor from the need to meet and overcome them. It only frees us, for a time, from the glamour and confusion that has made us identify them with ourselves, so that we can regain our sight and hold upon our purpose. It was not his mistakes alone that caused the sculptor to lay aside his tools, but the blindness that spread from his failure to recognize them. They are still there, when he comes back to his work; but then he sees them for what they are. It is easy to see, also, that where complete incarnation has been attained, death becomes meaningless. Where the inner and the outer have become one, the inner manifesting itself fully in the outer, and the outer revealing it in every part, how could one tell when the outer was laid aside? What difference would there be, whether in the body or out of the body? So, through the series of births and deaths, which is the path of mortals; through partial incarnation succeeding partial incarnation, man climbs upward to the fulness of incarnation which gives him entry to the path of the gods and the way of immortality.

Now deeper questions rise and face us with mysteries which our minds cannot resolve. Yet even here the analogies of speech and art can lift, at least, a corner of one of the many veils through which glows the light of truth.

Immortality! What is immortal? What is not immortal? What can attain to immortality? "There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists". "I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be". What do these questions mean? What do their answers mean?

There is but one Life, one Being; and all things live and are as, and only as, *That* lives and is incarnate in them. The wax, the clay, the marble or the bronze; the paint and canvas; the ink and paper of the written word; these are but dust, enduring only as the undifferentiated, basic stuff of dust endures. It is not this that we mean by immortality, nor are we greatly concerned with what may be the fate of dust. Our concern is with the statue, the painting, or the poem, with that which was lifted from the dust to be made the vesture of the artist's vision, which was touched by the breath of the Spirit and given life by the incarnation of something of the Word. It is of this we ask; and as we ask, we are answered. Such things are immortal as, and only as, they achieve their purpose; as, and only as, they become the perfect embodiment of some facet of truth or beauty, wisdom or holiness or power, some complete and perfect incarnation of a ray of Spirit. The "immortal lines" are immortal by virtue of this embodiment and incarnation of a truth that is immortal;

by virtue of their perfection as a vehicle for the Spirit that lives and breathes through them and which they make manifest. Were they less than perfect, were it possible to better them, they would not be immortal. The truth and beauty, pressing from within, would reshape them again and again, until at last they formed a vesture in which that truth could incarnate complete and whole. This is the great and merciful law, that only the True, the Good and the Beautiful can endure.

So it is with us. Only as we achieve the purpose of our life, only as and where we incarnate the vision the Master Artist has for us, only there do we share in immortality. Only when we become perfect, as the Father in heaven is perfect, do we become wholly immortal, freed from the forced sequence of birth and death. Until then, re-incarnation after re-incarnation must take place; each no more than partial; each leaving behind something mistaken, which is mortal; each reaching up to something true, which can endure.

There is risk of confusion here; for words which are absolute, as they must be used in one connection, become merely relative in others, and "perfect" and "immortal" are two such words. The culmination of one stage of development is but the beginning of a new stage; for, as noted earlier in this article, the ever-continuing process of evolution and progressive incarnation is marked by points of sharp transmutation, where one level is transcended and a new one reached. The theory of limits and infinite series, in mathematics, offers illuminating analogies of this. The repeating decimal .33333 . . . increases steadily with each digit that we add, yet push the sequence as far as we will, it still falls short of the "perfect" one third,—though one third itself is only a fraction. We cannot linger over this, for there are graver questions that we must face.

What is it that re-incarnates? In the analogy which we have used, it is the vision of the artist, the truth that presses to expression through him, the inner beauty that he would make manifest in the world. It is important to realize that this is nothing of the artist's own, not his own creation, nor anything of himself; but something greater than himself, something pre-existing in its own right, which he beholds and loves and strives to serve, but with which he dare not tamper. If it originate with himself, then is it false; and if he alter it he falsifies it. No man can originate Truth, nor possess it, nor mould it; he can but reach up to and give himself to it, so that it possesses and moulds him. Truth cannot be modified, but must itself modify; and through it the Highest acts upon the lowest. If we fail to recognize this, we miss the central significance of both the theosophic and the Christian concept of life. Yet it is constantly overlooked and misunderstood; and as we read the gospels we see how often Christ himself strove vainly to explain it to his disciples. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. . . . and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." The

whole process of incarnation is one of subordination and transformation of self to something other and greater than self; and its paradox lies in this: that by this subordination we gain mastery, and that by self-surrender, the Self is found; for this other and greater than the self, to which we give ourselves, lifts us up and transforms us into its own likeness, so that it becomes our Self.

What, then, are we? We are the artist's picture, the sculptor's statue; but do we know just what a statue is? At its highest, in its origin and initial inspiration, it is a ray of the Supreme Spirit, of the Truth and Holiness and Beauty of the Word, without whom "was not any thing made that was made". At its lowest, it is a piece of misplaced clay—of lifeless, marring dust, which, had the sculptor noticed or seen truly, he would have wiped away. It is a mingling of truth and error, of life and death, of the triumphant dominance and incarnation of the Spirit, and of its defeat, perversion and betrayal. We see it stretching through the whole gamut of being, so that what it is depends upon where we approach it.

It is the same with us. The answer to the question what we are, depends upon the level at which we look upon our life: upon where we place our centre of consciousness, upon that with which we *choose* to identify ourselves. For such choice is ours; and day by day, and moment by moment we exercise it. We can identify ourselves with the clay or stone—stubborn, cross-grained, resistant, resenting the pressure which would mould us into a shape of beauty, or fashion from us an instrument of power and of truth. Or we can identify ourselves with the vision that the Master Artist has for us, with the ray of Spirit that is striving to find entrance to our hearts and to incarnate in our lives, working upon the clay of our nature to lift it into its own likeness, to make of it an immortal vesture of divine Light and Life.

Let us not forget, moreover, that as it is the artist's vision that guides his hand, so it is the Spirit itself that is the sculptor. There are those who see this so clearly, and give to it so central a place in their theory of art, that they think of the artist as no more than a medium, through whom acts something other and greater than—and too often foreign to—himself. If we are speaking of human art and artists, this view is largely true; but the degree of its truth is the measure of the artist's failure in those two supreme qualifications of purity and love which *Light on the Path* makes basic in its illustration. Where these do not exist, the artist can, at best, but stand aside as the medium stands, hampering as little as he may the revelation of that which acts through him; but where they are present in their fulness, so that love can work its miracle of union, the artist so gives himself to his vision in heart and mind and will, that it becomes incarnate in him before (or as) it passes on to manifest itself in his work. In this union and incarnation of the creative Spirit, the artist becomes himself creator; and herein lies the difference between divine and human art, between that which is real and that which is only the reflection of reality. The reflection can appear across a gap; but the reality must be continuous, in unbroken descent from its source. Though we must draw our illustrations from the reflection, it is with the reality that we are concerned.

It has been pointed out many times that all we know of Truth or Goodness or Beauty comes to us from their embodiments: that what we know of justice and courage and nobility comes to us through those who have so loved justice, courage and nobility as to become their incarnation and to manifest them in their lives. The ray of the incarnating Word, which now touches us and works to mould us, has touched, has moulded, has incarnated in every stage of the descent by which it has come to us. For all of evolution is incarnation; above us, even as it must be in us. The "Master Artist" is, therefore, no mere figment of speech for the Creative Logos; he is its incarnation, its living embodiment and personification—a living Master. In him, as we have said, has been wrought the work that now must be wrought in us. He has achieved, as we must achieve. He has become that which we are in the process of becoming; and therefore, as we give ourselves to that becoming, we give ourselves to the Master who stands at the head of our ray, whosoever that Master may be,—that he may dwell in us, and we in him. In literal fact, therefore, each man's Master, be he known or unknown, is for him the way, the truth and the life; and to enter consciously and purposefully upon that way, by identifying ourselves with the working of the spirit in us, is of necessity to enter into chêlaship. We cannot become ourself—the Self that is the incarnating Word, the artist's vision in the statue, our only hold on immortality—save as we become the child of one infinitely greater than ourself; as we speak of a son of Mars, or of Apollo, a daughter of Martha or of Mary. No man enters as an orphan into the kingdom of the heavens and immortal life.

There is a reverse side to the doctrine of incarnation, a side that involves the whole mystery of evil. The gift of itself to its creations by the incarnating Word, so that, from Being, beings are formed capable of free-willed co-operation with their Creator, endows these creations equally with the capacity to withhold that co-operation, and to turn back against its source the life they have received. Thus incarnate good may be perverted into incarnate evil, drawing its life, as does the good, from the one source of life, but able to do this only as it is able to continue to pervert it. Once we perceive that the significance of all things is given them from within, by that which they incarnate, we perceive that each life stands as the common apex of a double cone,—a cone of light, and a cone of darkness that is the shadow of light. Above man the cone stretches up, "without bar or wall", ever widening as it mounts to the Supreme. Beneath him, the shadow of this cone stretches, ever widening as it descends into immeasurable depths. As there may be incarnation from above, so may there also be from below. At each moment and in each act, we draw from the one source or the other, and what we draw is of one piece with all beyond. In each act of truth, something of all Truth lives; in each lie is the life of the "father of lies". There is a Black Lodge, as there is a White Lodge; and whether he be conscious of it or not, man is, in each of his thoughts and acts, opening himself to the incarnation of the one or of the other, drawing into himself and into manifestation in the world, the seeds of either death or life.

The purpose of this note, however, was not to deal with the problem of good and evil, but only to attempt to clarify the concept of incarnation, so that we might understand better our own philosophy, and wake to the meaning of our own lives. What we are, and what we are to be, depends upon where we centre our consciousness and our will. Quite literally, it depends upon what we choose to be, upon that with which we choose to identify ourselves. In every man is clay. In every man is the creative, incarnating breath of the Supreme Spirit, the spirit of the Great Lodge and of his own Master, as yet, perhaps, unknown. In the long progress of time, before the Manvantara closes, all clay will be uplifted and transformed; fight against it how we may, it will be kneaded and rekneaded until at last it becomes obedient to the sculptor's hand. We can wait upon these slow cycles and suffer their compulsion if we will, knowing that, in death, all which we have built in life will be wiped out. Or we can turn ourselves about, and (like Dante in the depth of hell, placing his head where his feet had been) identify ourselves no longer with the flesh, but with the working of the Spirit, claiming it as our true Self, and consciously and purposefully co-operating with it, enter upon the Way of Life, which is the Path of Chêlaship. Then, though we stand but at the beginning of the ascent, the light from the summit shines clear before our eyes. At each step we find those who have preceded us, waiting now to hold out welcoming, aiding hands to help us onward toward the Master who has called us from our dust. We know that in him our life began, and that in him it is to meet its consummation. In the fulness of Incarnation which is his, our long series of re-incarnations finds its goal.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world.
—RUSKIN.

WAR MEMORIES

VII

Last Days in Occupied Belgium

FROM Tamines we had returned to Brussels, our work done. My temporary travelling companion, having found most of her English girls, left Belgium shortly after, with a large crowd of happy young people, their faces, at long last, turned toward home, while I resumed my night work at the Hospital, with a great deal more to think about than when I had left it ten days before. We were well on into the spring by now. The chestnut trees were in bloom in the wide and sunny Avenue Louise; the Bois de la Cambre was bursting into leaf, and the beautiful Forêt de Soignies, out there to the south toward the great plain of Waterloo —that dim, alluring woodland, still haunted by nymphs and other shadowy, sylvan spirits—was a misty sea of green and gold. But the beauty of the spring could not blind us to the perils with which each passing day and hour was beset. The Germans had "dug themselves in"; that was only too evident, though throughout the dark months of the winter we had kept ourselves alive with the promise that in the spring the Allied Armies would come sweeping in, victorious. Now these hopes had begun to fade, for above the Palais de Justice, towering on the crest of the hill which overlooked the city, still floated the hated German flag, black, white, red—sinister and cruel.

Humiliations, restrictions, requisitions, continued to be the order of the day, in every locality, and in every walk of life; executions too, for we knew that the *Tir National* was always busy with its firing squads; we knew that the Prison of St. Gilles was full to overflowing; we knew, but too well, that our lives—the life of each and every one of us—hung by a thread. The slightest misstep, and you would be lost. Von Bissing's heavy and merciless rule was already a matter of history; the hardships and butcheries increased. I think the *espionnage* continued always to be the worst feature of life in Occupied Belgium. That terrible spy system of the Germans, which made life so precarious, was, I believe, more dreaded and hated than anything else. It has been said that in Brussels alone there was a working force of more than six thousand of these spies, and they swarmed everywhere, as I have already written—in trams and in shops; they even insinuated themselves into the privacy of people's homes, often in the guise of friendship, using, with devilish cleverness, the old "confidence trick", for many of them spoke French and Flemish (or other foreign tongues) like natives, and were with difficulty to be distinguished

from the natives themselves. The "catch" in one day, of a single spy or *agent provocateur* (if he belonged to the more gifted and accomplished order of his vile profession), was said to be fabulous.

It must have been about this time that my attention was first sharply drawn to the rumours which came to us, mostly from northwards,—rumours of the escape across the frontier of great numbers of young Belgians, who sought in this way to reach and join the Belgian Army which was so valiantly holding its own on the Yser. We were generally told of these escapes in whispers, and in the beginning it seemed as though the particular young Belgian in question had been specially fortunate in eluding the sentries; but we soon began to realize that the cases of which we heard were not isolated or chance flights; that, on the contrary, they had been the result of help given by a large and active organization formed for that purpose alone; that there were special centres (of course, private individuals like myself, did not know where) for agents who had the power or the quickness of wit to carry on their hazardous occupation. These escapes, however, were equally hazardous for the boys and young men who braved the dangers of their flight; for the journey across country (directed chiefly toward the Campine, to the north) was often long, and it was always full of perils and hardships, since the fugitives had, of course, no passes which permitted them to leave their homes. Often it took weeks to get even within a mile or two of the frontier, for the most they could do was to walk a short distance at night, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, their faces to the earth, past well-guarded spots; while by day they hid in ditches, or perhaps in such "friendly" barns, *en route*, as had been indicated by those in charge of the desperate attempt. The Campine district, one of the loneliest in Belgium, was a dreary enough country across which to make these last pitiless runs for freedom, for, over the great stretches of waste moorland, the wind swept always, singing eerily through the purple heather, thick and tangled and untamed; or there was uninviting mile on mile of scrub oak, low and thin—a scanty enough protection. But in these woods were to be found old men who, if caught by the Germans, would at the worst confess themselves to be poachers, but who, in reality, were stationed there by those in charge of the escapes, to act as friends and guides for anyone in need.

The actual crossing of the frontier was formidable enough in itself, quite apart from the fact that the terrible risk of getting past it came at the end of a journey which had called on all reserves of courage; for along the borderland, between Belgium and Holland, the Germans had set up a high and complicated barrier of wire, heavily charged with electricity, and how to get through it was a question which taxed the ingenuity of the cleverest. To touch it, ever so lightly, meant instant death. While devising ways and means for getting through this wire, hundreds of young men, we were told, had been shot down, with liberty in sight, and there they had died a lonely death; and there they had lain, stark in the heather, sometimes unburied for weeks. Many ruses were used, so we were to learn later. A favourite one

was to knock out the ends of a barrel, which was then wedged carefully in between the wires, and through this impromptu, as well as somewhat cramped and unsteady passageway, man after man would work himself, carefully, noiselessly, passing along the short tunnel of protecting wood, his feet (if he were very tall) still remaining in Occupied Belgium, while his head would already have emerged into free Holland. Escapes of this kind happened in the more secluded spots, but those who had these desperate expeditions in charge, also knew of German sentries who could be bribed, and who were stationed at official openings in the barrier—such as roads or railways—and here the frontier could be crossed on foot without danger of being electrocuted. Hiding in barns or houses, close up to the borderland, or in the open fields, these fugitives would wait (for long, anxious days and nights, perhaps) till word was secretly brought them that the eagerly anticipated moment had arrived; that at a certain hour they were to present themselves at a certain spot; look for an unknown personage who would be seen reading a red book, or mending a cart wheel, or engaged in some other inconspicuous occupation; they were to give the countersign, and then follow silently the mysterious guide who was to pilot them. Thus, large parties of fugitives, the perilous journey through a closely-watched countryside safely behind them (a journey, the dangers of which never diminished, but on the contrary increased as time went on), passed through the barrier with relatively little risk of exposure. Many thousands of young men, and even boys, got out of the country in this way, and among those who also escaped, were some of the English soldiers who had been cut off from the rest of the troops at the time of the retreat from Mons. For long months they had hid in the villages or solitary farms, in attics or in cellars, where the Belgian country folk, having taken them in, shielded them faithfully. Then, at last, in some fortunate way, they would hear of, and get in touch with the great secret organization, and so walk safely over the frontier, away from the weary months of hiding, back once more to their regiments and to their places in the line. The members of this secret organization (women as well as men) were, of course, in hourly peril; they set at liberty those who came to them for help, but they themselves remained to face the danger of detection; for it was well known that anyone assisting the escape of men of military age was guilty (according to the Germans) of *trahison de guerre*. In the early days especially, this did not, of necessity, mean death, but it did mean a long imprisonment, usually in St. Gilles and in unenviable conditions—for St. Gilles was already over-crowded. So we kept hearing more and more, and always in whispers, of this organization; of the escapes which were triumphantly successful; of the attempted escapes which ended in tragedy; but, of course, we never knew where its headquarters were, who was engaged in it, or in what its usual methods consisted, except as these leaked out, from time to time, as the result of an injudicious letter, sent back by secret courier, from some lad who had successfully got through the lines. The secret courier being caught, the methods of escape became known to the authorities, and this only served to make the

guarding of the frontier more severe, making it, at the same time, necessary for the organization to alter its hitherto secret and successful methods.

In Brussels itself the rank and file of us were probably less conscious of this "underground traffic" than were the people farther to the north, where the fugitives, Belgians, French and English, were more closely concentrated; but there was one thing we knew very well—that the German hatred for the English, so pronounced even in pre-War days, did not diminish; on the contrary, it increased conspicuously, as was, I suppose, to be expected. It was almost an obsession, and the lives of some of the unofficial and non-combatant English, who, for one reason or another, had decided to remain in Belgium, were by no means enviable. Many English prisoners had already been sent to Germany—to the great internment camp of Ruhleben, and many more were being arrested daily and dealt with summarily, for they were, as far as possible, ferreted out with implacable zeal. Some of the English (notably those British soldiers who had been cut off at Mons) had, as we have seen, made a successful escape across the frontier, but they were among the fortunate, and those of us who had English acquaintances or friends in Brussels, were in a state of perpetual anxiety concerning them.

At the Hospital where I was still on night duty, there was a single Englishman left. There had been quite a number when I was first admitted, but one by one they had recovered sufficiently to be "discharged" from the Hospital, which really meant that the Germans had found it "necessary" to send them to Germany as prisoners of war. But this one Englishman remained, and we were all very proud of him, partly because he *was* the only Englishman we had,—but that was not the only reason. His name was "Sam" (to me at least), but it was "Sem" or "*l'Anglais*" to the Belgian nurses, to whom the English language was unquestionably "*une drôle de langue.*" Sam was a simple and straightforward soul who, incidentally, dropped an *h* whenever he got the chance; in fact he dropped them all over the place. In his extreme youth, he had been a "gas fitter's mate", and then he had gone into the Army, and the real reason we were all so proud of him was because he was one of the "old Contemptibles", with the hall-marks stamped all over him—though, of course, he was as beautifully unconscious of this as a baby. Once in a while, though it did not happen often, I managed to lead him, as a matter of well-thought-out-guile on my part, into a few moments of reminiscence about Mons.

"Lord, we was in a 'orrible mess," he would say; "but you should 'ave seen my pals, marching along side o' me."

Then he would tell how they stumbled on, half blind with fatigue, almost sleeping as they moved—when they were not being attacked. He spoke of it simply, just as you would make a statement of any dry fact, but his quiet admiration for those "pals" of his seemed to glow in all he said. It was "the Honour of the Regiment" spirit which woke again to life as he talked. It never occurred to him, of course, that he had done as much as his fellows in maintaining that spirit, and you would have been most unwise

if you had suggested any such thing, for you would never have got another word out of Sam! After those terrible days in the great retreat, he found himself (by some rearrangement of troops which I no longer remember) in that terrific fight at La Bassée—Laar Bassy, he called it—and here he was not only severely wounded, but, what was worse, he was taken prisoner. Being entrained, with many other British wounded, and started toward Germany, he was, nevertheless (for reasons unknown to himself), taken off at Namur, and was eventually brought to the Royal Hospital in Brussels. That is how I came to know him.

Sam was not in my ward, but I often went to the Hospital in the evening, before seven o'clock (my hour for resuming duty), in order to have a chat with him, for he naturally preferred his mother tongue to French. If you had heard him heroically choking over his few stock phrases in that language of delicate inflections and *nuances*, you would have had the deepest sympathy for him; also respect. His wound (in the right arm, it was) *would* not heal, though, of course, he had every attention. That poor arm of his had already been amputated well above the elbow, but new operations were always needed —he had eight or ten in all, I think—and each time a little more of the stump was removed. This never seemed to depress Sam, however, who remained the typically imperturbable "Tommy", equal-minded throughout. I remember a certain evening when I went on duty, that one of the Belgian nurses, who knew my affection for "*l'Anglais*", told me that Sam had had another operation that morning, and about one o'clock in the night, when my ward was sound asleep, the night nurse, a Belgian, in Sam's ward, came hurrying in, and asked me to go to him immediately; that he was delirious, and that she could not understand what he was saying, because, of course, being delirious, he was speaking English,—it was only in delirium that anyone *would* speak English, as no doubt it appeared to her. Leaving my ward in the care of a neighbouring nurse, and asking the little Belgian who had come to fetch me, to find the head night nurse, I hurried off to Sam's ward, in the utmost anxiety. Along the great stretches of magnificent, gold-embossed halls and gaily decorated rooms, I hastened, past the endless rows of sleeping or sleepless men, till at last I reached the ward where Sam was. With heavy heart (for I was really very much attached to him), and expecting the worst, I crept as noiselessly as I could up to his bed, and leaned over him, thinking that I must try to catch the feverish and delirious words which his Belgian nurse had been unable to understand. To my unbounded astonishment, I found that he was shaking with laughter. Of course, being merely human, I suffered one of those sharp reactions to which most of us are subject when suddenly released from a gripping fear.

"What does this mean, Sam?" I asked severely. "You have frightened us all out of our wits, and I have hurried here expecting to find you in your last gasp! You make me quite cross—what is the matter with you, anyway?"

But he only laughed the harder; a smothered laugh, so as not to disturb his neighbours—a laugh, however, which shook him from head to foot—

while he kept clutching the poor, newly-operated stump, to steady it, whispering:

"Lord, that shakin' do 'urt 'orrible."

The *dénouement* was simple enough when, at last, I got it. He had waked up out of a sound sleep in which he had been dreaming of that desperate fight at La Bassée ("The blinkin' fumes of the chloroform done it," so he pronounced), and he had begun to lash about and call wildly to "another bloke" who had been in the "scrum" on that battlefield. But before the little Belgian nurse who heard his cries could get to his bedside, he was fully awake, realizing that it had been only a nightmare. He could not think how to tell her this in French, and she could not understand when he tried to explain in English, so, in his dilemma, he took to pointing to his head, meaning, by interpretation, the nightmare; but, thinking it meant that he was out of his mind, the more he laughed, the more frightened she became, until, at last, she dashed off to get me. So, Sam and I were good friends—and thereby hangs a tale. I often took him out during the daytime, when I was off duty. I used to take him to the Bois de la Cambre for a walk under the trees, when we would talk of England, and especially of London; and what it must be looking like at that moment in Kensington Gardens, where he used sometimes to go of a Sunday; and how "nice and 'appy lookin' " the flowers in the long beds were—Sam was fond of flowers, in a natural, simple way. And then we would stop at the *Laiterie* where I would watch him drinking tea and eating *brioches* (a word he never managed to pronounce), and then I would take him back to Hospital in time for his supper, while I went on duty in my own ward a little later.

The patients in the Hospital had noticeably diminished since the time of my first admittance, now so long ago; for, of course, we were no longer getting fresh relays of wounded from the front. All the Germans had long since been removed; the French who had been wounded past hope of real recovery, had been repatriated in exchange for German wounded of like condition in France; and even the number of Belgian wounded was appreciably lessened. Some had died; some had been sent to internment camps on enemy territory; some were sufficiently cured to be sent to their homes (if they lived in Brussels), coming two or three times a week to the Hospital for treatment. This meant that the large staff of nurses was little by little cut down, in proportion to the cutting down in the number of wounded; but Sam stayed on, and so, by good fortune, did I. But I ceased to have consecutive night duty; I alternated, rather unevenly, a few nights here, a few days there, until, at last, the "night cases" among our wounded, being very few, I was put on day duty altogether. This is how I first met some of Edith Cavell's nurses, and how I came to know one of them quite well, for she was at the head of the new ward into which I was sent. I had met Miss Cavell once or twice, and I was glad when I came to know Miss L—, who had been trained in the Cavell school. Miss L— was an English woman who, knowing that I was very much of a novice at nursing, gave me many valuable "tips", which were of the greatest service

later on in the War, and who in every way was always kind and helpful. She also had an affectionate admiration for Sam, for his pluck and modesty; and sometimes, on our "off" days, we would all three go for walks through the quieter streets of Brussels, or into the peace and loveliness of the Bois de la Cambre. I suppose, on looking back over this time, and in view of later events, that we were being very carefully and closely shadowed, and why we did not suspect it (especially I, who had already received so many warnings) I cannot think; but I do not believe such a thing ever really entered our minds. I can vouch for my own mind anyway. So, Miss L— and Sam and I were not infrequently seen together, and soon Sam was drafted into our ward, and there must have been, to anyone on the watch, the appearance, at least, of a growing plot. If a plot existed at that time, however, I knew nothing of it, I regret to say.

The summer was half over by now. Sam was, on the whole, better, though his operations continued, while on the horizon a new cloud had risen, for we had frequent visits from German medical officers who came to "inspect" him, to see if he were fit for removal to Ruhleben. These visits were more frequent as time went on, until we became quite alarmed for his safety. It must have been about the first of August that, early one morning, Sam had to undergo another operation, rather unexpectedly, and this time, all that was left of that pitiful stump came off. He had no longer even the semblance of an arm; there was only an arm-pit, and a horrible wound which laid even Sam pretty low, and that was saying a good deal. I was to learn, long afterwards, of the very good reason for that unusual depression and gloom of his.

Then came a day when, on arriving at the Hospital, and on entering my ward, I was met by Miss L— who told me, in a faltering voice, that Edith Cavell had been arrested by the Germans in her own hospital, on the charge of having first sheltered and then aided men of the Allied Armies, and of military age, to escape across the frontier, and that she had been taken to St. Gilles. Of course, this news did not mean to me all that it did to Miss L—, but it was a great shock, none the less. You always seem to feel these things more if you know personally the one in danger. I remember, too, thinking with a pang of regret, if not of envy, that no such splendid opportunity for service had chanced my way, but some months afterwards I was to learn how near I had come, at that very moment, to being asked if I would play a small *rôle* in that work. At the time it was made, the arrest, so far as I can recall, did not seem to cause the stir in Brussels that one would expect, in view of its world-wide notoriety later on. In fact, it was some days before it was even reported to the American Legation, which had British interests in charge; and, while those of us who knew Miss Cavell, who knew a little about her self-sacrificing life and splendid War record, were deeply concerned, the arrest, to most people, was just one more to be added to the long list of daily arrests. Miss L—, who had the news directly from other nurses present when the arrest was made, told me that a squad of soldiers had, without warning, appeared at the door of Miss Cavell's hospital, and

that she had been, as it were, spirited away, so quietly and hurriedly had it been done. That is all we knew—at first.

Almost immediately after this I had rather a tiresome accident in the Hospital, and was put quite out of commission for a while, being confined to my room in the small hotel where I lived. But one evening, after I had again begun to walk about a little, the maid came to say that an Englishman was downstairs, asking to see me. This rather surprised me, especially as he had not sent up his name, but he had sent word that he came at the special request of a certain friend of mine (he gave her name and address) who was at present out of town, at her country place, some distance from Brussels. This part of it seemed natural enough since, although my friend was a Belgian, she was well known to have many English connections, and, of course, since the War, the English were all doubly dear to me, and she knew this. So I went down to the drawing room, and as I entered the door, a tall, and rather fine looking man came toward me, bowing, and entirely at his ease. I had never seen him before, but he had all the marks of the Englishman—the familiar long, easy stride as he walked; the quiet self-assurance and composure, and, when he spoke, the unmistakable Oxford accent. Everything about his appearance was agreeable; his manner polished and rather courtly, but as he advanced, smiling pleasantly, and introducing himself, while apologizing for the informality of his visit, the strangest thing happened in me, and it was so sudden that it quite unnerved me. As I looked into that man's eyes, such a fierce and burning hatred filled me that I was horrified at myself, for I honestly thought he was English. He was *so* English that the *idea* of his being anything else really did not suggest itself to me at the moment. I only knew that I hated him, but there was no time to analyse why this was so. We sat down, and he began to talk, at first about the friend whose name he had used by way of introduction, and then about life in Brussels, and so on. Then suddenly he rose, and pulling his chair over nearer to my own, he lowered his voice.

"I say," he began, "you must wonder why I have come, but I want your help, and Madame B— told me that you will be sure to give it. I must get out of this; those damned Bosches are pressing hard on us, and as a matter of fact, I have been practically in hiding for a long time. But my money is all gone. I know, however, that you have had money sent you from America, for the help of anyone in trouble; Madame B— told me so."

This was quite true—friends from home had sent me most generous funds to be used entirely at my discretion, for cases of distress, and I had often consulted Madame B— on this score. His knowing this, only added to my mystification, and he continued, pressing his point, his face grown grave and anxious. But I felt my heart harden, and to my dismay, I heard myself saying coldly:

"I don't know anything about you. Why should I give you assistance from the funds that have been entrusted to me?"

"You *do* know about me," he urged. "Haven't I told you that Madame

B— has sent me?" And at last he ended, as if in despair, "For God's sake help me!"

I watched him, confusion blinding me. I still thought him English; for some strange reason, even after all I had heard and seen, I never doubted it, the "make up" was so perfect; but neither could I doubt that inexplicable aversion which I found it impossible to shake off. Yet how could I turn away an Englishman in danger and distress? I was still rather weak as the result of my recent accident, and a really desperate fight was going on inside me—the fight between pity and a passionate distrust. I came perilously near to making a fatal mistake, that night. But some beneficent power was certainly watching over me, for, like a quick-changing scene in a play, at this very moment the American woman with whom, a few months previously, I had gone into the provinces in search of English girls, came walking breezily and wholly unexpectedly, with travelling bags in her hand, into the drawing room where I, with my visitor, was sitting. She had returned once more from London, and had come straight to my hotel—everything happened like that in Occupied Belgium; like a shot, people came and went. Her arrival broke up that ghastly interview, and my "Englishman" left, saying that if I would permit him to do so, he would come again the following night.

As soon as he had gone, I told my tale—confusion still in my brain, like Sam's "blinkin' chloroform fumes"—and I asked her what she thought. She looked at me in astonishment.

"You really are an awful fool," she said sweetly. "Don't you realize what that man is?"

"What do you mean—'don't I realize what he is?' What *is* he?"

"He is no Englishman," she answered with decision. "Why, he is an *agent provocateur*, of course, and of a pretty virulent type, I should think."

Everything in the room began to spin, what with weakness and the sudden revulsion of feeling; but we sat down, then and there, she with her travelling bags at her feet, to "talk ourselves up to date". As I told her about Sam, and Miss L—, and the arrest of Edith Cavell, of which she had not yet heard, the truth began to dawn on me at last, and as I talked on, events seemed to shape themselves into a consecutive and well-ordered tale, and I wondered why I had not understood long ago. The mystery of the "forbidden frontier" ever since I had entered Occupied Belgium, nearly a year before, was no longer a mystery; my being singled out in the tram, on the occasion of my starting for the provinces, was easily explained; I saw everything in a new light. I was, of course, suspected, by the dreaded German Secret Service, of being in collusion with the great organization known to be concerned with the escape across the frontier of men of military age; undoubtedly many things that I had done, served to add to the suspicion; and although, as a matter of fact, I had never had either the honour or the good fortune to be associated with it, on the face of things there must have appeared to be evidence enough to make it more than likely that I was. My "Englishman" did not come back the following night, nor the night after, in fact I never saw

him again; but when next I met Madame B—, I asked her if she had sent him. She knew nothing whatever about him; had never even heard of any such person, so there could be little doubt as to what he really was, and I congratulated myself on a singularly fortunate deliverance from a danger which, at that moment, had indeed been very grave.

Later, when my American friend left Belgium again, and returned to London, she had occasion to go to Scotland Yard in connection with her repatriation of English girls. She told the story of my experience to one of the head officials, whose attention was instantly engaged. Being asked for further details—exactly what my German visitor had looked like, how he behaved—she told all she could, and with characteristic intelligence she had noticed a great deal, even in the few minutes she had seen him. The Scotland Yard official replied: "It is quite evident who he was, and you can tell your friend [meaning myself] that in my opinion she had an almost miraculous escape; for that man is very well known to us, and we consider him one of the most dangerous in the German Secret Service. He is a superman in his 'art'; inconceivably clever and persuasive; responsible for more betrayals than anyone we know. There is nothing we would not do to catch him, and if any of us who know him were to meet him, we would shoot him at sight, without a moment's hesitation."

A few days after the unwelcome visit of that *agent provocateur*, I went to the Hospital, not yet for work, but to see my friends there. Sam had gone! To my joy I was told that even the Germans had at last considered it best to make him an exchange prisoner; that one day they had taken him away, which at first had caused some anxiety, lest after all he should be sent to Ruhleben, but that news had finally come that he was safe at home once more in England. There is a sequel, however, though it really belongs to a later time, for I did not hear it until I myself returned to England. On the very day of Sam's last operation, and five or six days only before Miss Cavell's arrest, full arrangements had been made for Sam's escape. I was to have been asked to give my assistance, and it is quite likely that the German Secret Service heard of this. The Hospital authorities, however, knowing nothing about these plans, had decided rather suddenly on the operation, thus putting an end to Sam's hopes, and to my own great, if unsuspected, opportunity, for it might have proved an introduction to further and closer association with that heroic organization which was engaged in the work of the frontier escapes.

Another fortnight slipped by, and much to my disgust I was still unable to return to my hospital duties, though I kept in touch with my old patients, and with those who had been my co-workers there, and often asked Miss L— for news of Miss Cavell. Little was to be heard of her, however. Even the American Legation, as is now well known, had the greatest difficulty throughout in getting the truth from the Germans, though I think news did leak out that she was in solitary confinement. Our anxiety for her naturally increased in proportion to our lack of news, though I distinctly remember that at that time few of us expected the final tragedy. She might be condemned to hard

labour for the duration of the War, we thought, but that would surely be the very worst.

The story of Edith Cavell is now too well known for me to repeat it here, but it is indeed one of peculiar beauty, of nobility, of high chivalry, and of open-hearted and fearless charity. All the world knows what she did throughout that first year of the War—which was to be the last year of her own life; all the world knows not only of her tender and wise nursing, impartially given to friend and foe alike, but we know too that, realizing to the fullest the danger she was running, her great heart gave itself to the aid of those men, French, British, Belgian, who came to her secretly, throwing themselves upon her mercy—men who were in far more desperate straits than her wounded; men who were trying to get away, out of the country, to join their own colours. With unclouded vision, she looked the danger to herself calmly in the face, accepted it simply, and threw herself whole-heartedly into her high enterprise. The world also knows the price she finally paid; and the world knows itself to be the richer for her sacrifice.

The days moved slowly on, and at last there came one when I was told bluntly that it would be impossible for me to resume any kind of heavy work for the present, and, what was really a grievous blow to me, that since I could not work, I had no right to remain in Occupied Belgium, where food was so scarce. Of course, I realized the perfect justice of this, but it was a sorrowful moment. I had set my heart on the time when we should see the Germans pushed forcibly out at the point of Allied bayonets, and King Albert come riding back into his own again. It is difficult to over-emphasize the strength of the devotion that some of us from the "outside", who had been working in Belgium during that terrible first year, felt for that little country. We had shared its isolation; we had watched the growing tyranny which it bore so magnificently; its interests had become our very own, and it seemed a cowardly thing to turn one's back on it in its hour of need. Yet, being a foreigner, if you could not work, you had no right to eat its War bread. So, ruefully, I began my preparations for departure. I knew, of course, that my going was final; the Germans would never again allow me to enter the country as long as they were in power.

I had to wait some time for my papers—being still "suspect", they were not given me at once. But at last came the day when I was told that I might leave. Knowing that I should be able to take nothing in writing out with me, I had spent my last days memorizing countless messages from the friends I was leaving, to their families "outside the lines"; among these being many to Miss Cavell's family, sent by her friends—reassuring messages they were, for the most part, too. By great kindness, I was to be taken in one of the C. R. B. cars as far as Rosendaal, in Holland—one of the young Americans, acting as C. R. B. courier, happened to be leaving that day. It was the middle of the afternoon before we started, and with a heavy heart I took my last look at Brussels as we whirled through the familiar streets, which I had grown to love so much. Then into the country roads we passed,—the same

over which I had travelled as a new arrival in the autumn of the previous year—across the fields of Eppeghem, where the Belgian dead had lain so thick after that terrible battle; through Malines, with its shattered belfry towering superbly above the desolation and waste; past the ruined forts of Antwerp where, little more than a twelvemonth back, the thunder of the guns had been heard by us in Ghent; through the city itself—the last of the great Belgian fortresses to fall; then Esschen, the frontier town, and finally to within a few yards of the frontier itself, where we halted at the outpost.

"We'll have to stop here," said my young escort, with assumed gravity, "just to reassure the German Imperial Government. Although we pass here twice a week, and nothing has ever yet been found on any of us, it persists in thinking that we have incriminating correspondence concealed under the tires of the car. Queer animals, these Huns! I never can get used to them."

So, the usual search was made, and to my disgust, I was included in it—I suppose this was only to be expected, considering the blackness of my reputation. However, my particular part of it did not take long, but a good deal of time was consumed while the Germans pulled the car to pieces (in the hope of discovering that incriminating correspondence) and then put it together again. During these formalities, I stood at a little distance looking, with mingled feelings, at the border line, not a stone's throw in front of me. I had never seen that high and formidable barrier of thick wires, so heavily charged with electricity, which I now saw, stretching away to left and to right, for when I had passed this way the year before, it had not yet been constructed. A narrow opening in the barrier, guarded on the Belgian side by German sentries; on the opposite side, in Holland, by the Dutch, was that through which we were to pass when this last German outpost had finished with us; and as I stood looking at the cruel wires, thinking of all they had meant to the desperate and courageous men who had tried to get through them, in their eagerness to reach their comrades who were fighting at the front, I realized that night was falling, and, with a pang, that my last moments in Belgium were slipping away; that I was leaving her, still in her sorrow and misery—and I felt like a deserter, and ashamed.

Then a cheery call told me that the car was ready, and into it we climbed again, and in another moment we were headed toward the small opening now grown mistily indistinct in the fading light—that opening which was the gateway to the "outside" world. Turning quickly, I looked back, trying to see what I still could of the little country I was leaving; thinking of the many friends who were still there, in danger and in want; thinking of those poor, harassed country folk with whom I had talked in the provinces; thinking of Edith Cavell, alone in her prison; and as we tore at top speed past the German sentries, and then, at last, over the frontier line (that forbidden frontier!), a fitful twinkle of distant lights, and a quickly vanishing, shadowy land, was all I could distinguish in the twilight which deepened and gloomed behind me.

VOLUNTEER.

GLAMOUR

DURING the winter of 1928–1929, at more than one meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, the subject of Glamour was discussed, without, however, being finally and dogmatically "settled", as that is not the way of students of Theosophy. No live topic should ever be killed; a dead topic suggests the reverse of theosophical handling. We welcomed, therefore, a question addressed to the QUARTERLY, at the close of the season, on the same subject, and at once asked a member of long standing to reply to it. The answer was written, and, with the question, was set up in type, but fortunately was lost, in an editor's drawer,—most fortunately because, last summer, we received a protest and disquisition from the questioner, which all the prayers in the world could never have extracted if the question and answer had been printed when, theoretically, they ought to have been. We now give the question, the answer, and the disquisition, in sequence.—EDITORS.

QUESTION.—*Why do people always say "Glamour" as though it were a bad word? Isn't there one "glamour" of an oyster stew and another "glamour" of the dawn? Can't we grow by glamour, climb by glamour,—if it is reflection from the Highest?*

ANSWER.—I do not think that glamour should be used as if it were a "bad word,"—no need to be so sparing of it as that! but we should have no doubts whatever as to its signifying invariably something that in essence is evil. For it indicates two things,—primarily, falseness, mirage, that which appears to be, but is not; and, secondly, that the perceiver is under the delusion of its spell, deceived by the falseness,—in other words, unable to apprehend the truth. It might be understood as the polar opposite of Theosophy, which proclaims in its motto that there is no religion—no binding power—higher than truth. It is the quintessence of the Black Lodge, the power that holds its members together, and that gives them their power on all the lower planes of life. Only in the white light of spiritual life is it utterly dispelled.

A projection of the Highest? Well, what else could it be? is there any other Source? did not all manifestation proceed from the Unmanifest: in the Absolute is not all contained? And so from the earliest dawn of manifestation glamour existed; the first Logos was but an appearance, a reflection of that which had projected it; and whosoever beholding the first Logos said to himself, this is the Highest, the All, was snared and held by glamour. If the question be pressed at this point in some such form as,—is this in essence evil? the reply could only be in the affirmative; for surely anything that halts progress, that hides ultimate reality, is an evil. Were we to see the world as God sees it, as has been suggested, we should see it as an illusion, and turn from the

illusion to the contemplation of the Reality—God Himself. If I see a beautiful picture in a mirror, I do not desire to continue gazing into the mirror, but to behold the picture itself: the mirror will merely have served to indicate the existence of the picture and to have aroused my desire of beholding it. If there be a "glamour of the dawn" for me, that glamour is evil. I have missed the meaning and the opportunity of the beauty of the dawn, for I should have pierced through the veil to the Divine Beauty whose irradiation made possible that reflection of loveliness. I shall have been snared below the beauty, instead of passing on above it to the Reality it represents; my approach to the Divine at that point will have been stopped. Or, if it have not been stopped, if I have passed through and beyond and touched, even with feeblest apprehension, that which is signified, there has been no glamour in the dawn for me. We need to see the dawn as Dante saw it in the Paradise of Mars: *Vedendo in quell' albor balenar Cristo.*

We cannot consider glamour, therefore, as something by which we may climb, but as a series of reflections through which we must force our way, guarding ourselves against the intoxicating poison of its lure, alive to the danger of our interpretations of its lights and shades. "The senses it bewitches," says *The Voice of the Silence*, "blinds the mind and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck." "Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light."

Children of shadow and reflection as for the most part we are (the lower personality is altogether glamour), we must pierce these veils that hang between us and the Reality we seek. For though we be lost in the fogs of manifested life, there resides within, that spark of Divinity, the Eternal Pilgrim searching for Home. Let us be vigilant, unremitting, steadfast, determined, lured into no enchanted dream, snared by no magic of reflected beauty, but using all things, open-eyed and hearts aflame, as means to our one end—the Master, who alone is real for us in both worlds, the manifest and the Eternal; who alone can develop in us the reality we possess and make it permanently ours. For him to do this we must first seek and find him, and when we have found him, he will not fail us. Then we shall be done with glamour for evermore, for in our "flesh" shall we see God, and our eyes shall behold him and not another.

Another important point: let us not confuse glamour with the "Gleam"; to do so is to fall where many fall, into the very deepest depths of glamour. The Gleam is that light flashed out from the battlements of Heaven to aid the toiling Pilgrims on their Way,—a beacon light which those who refuse glamour may alone clearly perceive.

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven

Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, e'er it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

CAVÉ.

At a meeting of The Theosophical Society some months ago a question was sent in. It was not entirely devoid of honesty, but so clumsily worded, and worse yet, so fundamentally based on error, as to make an off-hand answer nearly impossible. Nevertheless, the Society being what it is, and its meetings what they are, it goes without saying that an answer both kindly and comprehending was given, and only by the most oblique and courteous implication was the questioner told to think some more and stop being silly. (It is too warm to write veiled as a "questioner"—I shall plunge into the comparative comfort of the first person singular). My question (to which I venture to return) asked—"Why are you so down on the word *glamour* here? Must it always mean something wrong? Are there not innumerable grades of glamour? Why can't we use glamour instead of letting it use us? Don't we anyhow?" Behind the question there was a species of reasoning, or perhaps it would be fairer to say, an assortment of unchallenged notions. In spite of dictionaries, we give our own special shading to words and are tenacious in matters of aura and aroma. In the philological sense, glamour may be a synonym of illusion, but in my personal vocabulary it stood for illusion-plus, oh, very much plus,—alleviation, charm, delight. It was a word of beauty, of poetry, of music; if people chose to use it with horrid intent, so much the worse for them; to track it to some final metaphysic was like asking a bird to do the cooking. Let it be Maya if you say so, but Maya in comprehensible human equation, so that we say of another, "What is it in life that appeals to him?" meaning probably "What type of glamour has him in thrall?"—again meaning probably "Do I want to bother with him or] don't I?",—thus instinctively grading ourselves and others by our taste in glamour,—What have we outgrown? In what do we still linger? To what do we aspire? There are thousands we collide with and escape from, whose dreams are of money, of food, of social climbing and such-like small beer; there is the woman who is "nearly sure she went to Chartres", but who is "not cathedral-minded" (taken from life); the man, and his name is legion, who might echo Mr. Dooley's "Soy, Hinessey, jever hear of a pote name Tinnysin?"; the people who describe machinery to you in gloating detail, and those terrible others whose Moloch is a sort of black-iron efficiency. These are all held in fief by their own particular brand of glamour, and of them we say to ourselves, "beware, escape, they are aliens,

where their treasure is there will their hearts be also." We, ourselves, have presumably climbed to where we are by some such lower roads. We do not flatter ourselves that we have reached the top by any means, but at least we feel that machinery is something to suffer but not to talk about; at least we remember Chartres! So, having climbed, having made comparatively fastidious our taste in glamour, we feel that we have progressed, that blessed are those who have developed good taste, for even they shall see God—more or less. We feel in short that glamour has given us a leg up, and we are grateful to it.

In the training of children (I am still turning out the assorted notions), we make deliberate and overt use of glamour. "Tell me where is fancy bred?" and the answer is, "in happy nurseries." Their lovers know that concessions to their dreams from the adult world should be of fine and sensitive texture,—preservative, tender, humorous. For our own sake, too, we guard their dreaming, and babies who face Santa Claus, tongue in cheek, are not popular. We so little wish them prosaically avid of reality, that all the resources of myth and faerie are drawn upon to make their impending entrance into the Hall of Learning, gradual and gracious. It may be suspected that the Masters show an analogous grace in their nurseries, practising toward our impermanent toys, our baseless convictions, our detaining prejudices, an iconoclasm so gentle and so cautious that we are able to bear it. (Didn't Emerson say something like that somewhere?)

Sometimes we have a suspicion that the Black Lodge is copying us; but then they copy everything. They also start with the children and would seem to be uncommonly busy these days, cajoling them with the false, the hideous, the uncanny, with Black Lodge dolls and grotesques all over the place, to make of infancy a bedlam nightmare. Indeed, what better time than Kali Yuga for inspiring the lower psychic to take sly possession of nice glamour, and make nasty glamour out of it? . . . But we adroit ones, who have learned to hitch our wagon to the star of delicate allure, of beckoning beauty, pride ourselves on seeing through the devices of the Black Lodge. Why even bother to summon the moral sense if a super-refined epicureanism will serve? Here is a home-made psychic antaskarana guaranteed to bear considerable weight if used with care.

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I have read it over and it doesn't sound right. I sense no warmth of welcome from the QUARTERLY. Experience tells that it is useless to hold up little paper hoops to the people who answer questions at the meetings—they only laugh and punch holes in them, and for red herring they will not deviate an inch. Nevertheless, in order to gain a minute I will get a red herring and try, and what is more I will get it right out of *The Secret Doctrine!* That book says that "All is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute"—well then, there you are! (or *are* you?). Why make such a fuss about reality? If there is nowhere to go, and no one to be, and nothing to have *but* Maya, it seems to be a pretty

secure box for humankind, a box with a fly-paper lining. The enlightened tell us that the fly-paper is just glamour—but who put the sugar in? Without allure no one would be allured, and we could all fly to the top of the box like corks. But they tell us that was settled long ago—the first glamour looked just like an apple. Some innocent bit it, and its potent sweetness permeated the Manvantara like a lump of sugar in a cup of tea, and then the race settled down, not to eschew sugar but to sell its soul for it. It seems to be our business to get out of the box, but if all is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute, what medium can we work *with* except the one we must work *through?* And that brings me right round once more, like a waltzing mouse, to my nice pretty glamour—it *must* be cleanest at the top!

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I have read it over again and it is terrible. The more the case is stated, the sillier it sounds; even the dust I kick up to escape in, chokes only me, and the devil himself repudiates my advocacy. I must try to answer myself, and may Heaven grant me coherence.

By way of a handsome start, I suspect the question of idiocy. It is of the type too often propounded by thick-headed students, while their elders listen in graciously concealed despair—despair because it completely misses the heart of the teaching (to say nothing of the skin of the teaching); because it is smarty as well as silly; because it says in effect, "perhaps after all two and two do not make four, let us delay everyone and reconsider that", and, furthermore, because it has been discussed from every angle, time after time, at the meetings of the Society, and especially and specifically at the meetings of the season just passed.

A minute ago something was said about a wise use of glamour in the handling of small children—perhaps a beginning of one of the innumerable answers may be found right there. A mother who gaily supports the Santa Claus myth in the nursery, will be filled with dismay to find that her twelve-year-old son still cherishes it. The dread words, "arrested development", will stare her in the face—he is not growing up! The time has come for the real of the real to claim him, but he stands bemused by the unreal of the real. He should now push on through the Hall of Learning and become as a little child, but he stands still and remains as a little child—a very different thing. He is a besotted boy, and perhaps we resemble him,—for us, too, Santa Claus may still have pink cheeks and come down the chimney. Perhaps there is something the matter with our psychic endocrine system, which causes us to linger in a sort of mayavic adolescence, embodying all the aggravations of immaturity and none of the charms of infancy. In that case, no matter how sleek we look, we need treatment—occult therapeutics, soul punctures, injections of horse sense, perhaps a dose of synthetic karma to put the fear of God in us. Just living along from day to day will accomplish much of this, for life is an experienced physician, and destiny a surgeon cutting deep; but life in co-operation with Theosophy is invincible, for Theosophy is the science of the real, with a

standing challenge to prove it by experiment. If we really live it, there is nowhere to grow but up.

The occultists have their own name for the process. They call it "passing through the Virâga Gate", that midway point of the soul's progress where *The Voice of the Silence* says, "illusion conquered, truth alone perceived"; where, in other words, spiritual adolescence begins to evolve into spiritual manhood. It is for the would-be chêla that this matter presses, for he consciously asks for the real, he demands that Truth than which no religion is higher. For countless unready thousands it is well enough that homeopathic pills of truth be mixed with heaping portions of jam, and elaborately staged will-o'-the-wisps lead them on to some slow process of education by experience. But the Theosophist, who is not travelling at that gait, looks askance on jam and dancing lights and luring spells. He meditates upon the time when glamour was unleashed and it took forty days and forty nights to convince it of Armageddon. Therefore sometimes he fights, sometimes, at spiritual discretion, he runs away, but never does he minimize the enemy. He knows well that all men are not born free and equal, but are captive in exact ratio to their susceptibility to glamour. "Evil, be thou my good", has been spoken by very few, and coldly deliberate sinners are in the minority; but immaturity dogs us through the ages; it is the children who follow the Pied Piper to their doom, following not the unreal of the unreal, the false of the false, for that is just a bogey and either frightens us or makes us laugh,—but that pervading, beckoning, beautiful half truth, the unreal of the real.

The maturity which is the gift of the Divine Wisdom alone, is dimly reflected in our psychic reactions. The Tree of Life reflected downwards in the waters, is bedecked like any Xmas tree. Sometimes we think, disenchanted with all the ways of living, that we have exhausted its mirrored loveliness, but it lights up once more at the flame of our desire, and blooms anew with tinsel. When we reach our Wisdom, the Tree of Life sways rightside up at last, and all the penny candles are living stars, and all the toys, God's angels.

The Secret Doctrine says: "Satan is the circumference of the Kingdom of which the Light of Wisdom is the centre". A poet has said, "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on". I think they both say the same thing. It is ordained that we give fight, that we struggle to redeem our kamic force as men have struggled to redeem the flag—we must break through that circumference.

A symphony cannot be played upon a comb—and yet—*da capo*. "Satan is the circumference of the Kingdom of which the Light of Wisdom is the centre"—who is Satan? Out of our strife and wounds, our gains and losses, does one more friend emerge? Whose name is Alpha and Omega? Who guards with flashing sword that kingdom which must be taken by violence? A friend whose dark splendour glows into radiance at our "get thee behind me", and who sends his triumphant shout to the heavens,—"Behold, I am overthrown!" Whose sword sinks to horizontal, becomes a path of gold inward,—is our Antaskarana?

L. S.

OSIRIS AND TYPHON

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?

JAMES, III, 10-11.

THE Fifth Century of our era was a period of storm and chaos. The Roman Empire was visibly disintegrating, for its nominal governors were without stamina, and barbarian adventurers, like Alaric and Attila, were not slow to take advantage of the situation. It is true that certain elements of the old Mediterranean civilization were reincarnating in a new organization, the Christian Church. But although the Christians were no longer the persecuted, they had become, in their turn, the persecutors, and those who still resisted their will, were crushed without pity, "for the glory of God." An innocent bystander of that age might have been pardoned for supposing that the virtues of the ancient order had disappeared for ever, and that only the vices retained enough vitality to continue their life in other forms. He might even have given the Church the credit for inventing a whole series of vices which the old world had never known.

Early in the century occurred the murder of Hypatia by a mob of Christians at the instigation of Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria. By the assassination of the "Maiden-philosopher", Cyril hoped to destroy the last vestiges of the Neoplatonic School founded two centuries earlier by Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus. As it seemed, he could congratulate himself upon his complete success; but he did not take the precaution of slaughtering all of Hypatia's friends.

Among these was a certain Synesius, a member of an old Greek family of Cyrene in Libya. Synesius made no secret of his Neoplatonism, and there was reason to believe that he was an adept of the Egyptian Mysteries. He was a fair mark for Cyril's suspicion. Why was he spared? Apparently, at the crucial moment, the Patriarch lacked the courage to attack. Moreover, there was a difficulty. Synesius had become a Christian and, at the time of Hypatia's death, was Bishop of Ptolemais.

He had obviously not joined the Church from any motive of self-preservation or the like. The account of his entry into holy orders is one of the strangest on record. He accepted the call of Cyril's predecessor in Alexandria, but specified his own terms. He agreed to become a priest of the new religion, provided he were accorded the right to retain his private creed. In particular, he refused to accept literally the dogmas of the soul's creation, of the resurrection of the physical body and of the final destruction of the Universe. He implied that if the Church denied him admission on his own conditions, he would remain pagan and an avowed enemy.

The family of Synesius claimed descent from a line of Spartan Kings and from Hercules. Without doubt, this aristocratic philosopher revealed Herculean qualities when he made his proposition, for the Church was never more determined than then to enforce its dogmas without reservation upon all of its members. Synesius offered the Patriarch of Alexandria the alternative of regarding him as a pagan or a heretic,[1] at a time when pagans and heretics alike were treated like vermin.

Why did he sacrifice his outer liberty and endanger his life to become a member of an organization containing so many elements which he disliked and even despised? Two reasons may be suggested. In the first place, he may have felt that within the Church, if anywhere, some effort must be made to preserve the seeds of the ancient wisdom which he loved; for the Church was the only stable factor amid the dissolution and confusion of the times. Secondly, it is possible that Synesius was, in some real degree, an Initiate, and that he had direct and personal knowledge of the Master whose name and teaching had been misappropriated and perverted by a crowd of superstitious and self-seeking priest-politicians. Synesius may have imagined that the purposes of that Master, whom he desired to serve, might be most advantageously forwarded by working within the Church rather than by continuing to attack it from without.

Among the writings of Synesius is a *Treatise on Providence*, a partial translation of which is to be found in a rare 1817 edition of Thomas Taylor's *Plotinus*. This work contains much valuable "source material" for the study of the Egyptian Mysteries, and the student of Theosophy cannot fail to be interested and impressed by the resemblances between various ideas of Synesius and the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*. The present commentator feels that the treatise has also a unique value in its exposition of an *heroic* view of man's destiny. It has been said that every work of art is, in some sense, an autobiography, a revelation of the character of the artist. Synesius wore many masks during his lifetime. He appeared to be a metaphysician, an ambassador, a bishop, a *grand seigneur;* but looking beneath the surface aspects, one imagines that the real Synesius was truly a "son of Hercules" and belonged to the "sacred tribe of heroes."

The nucleus of the *Treatise on Providence* is an allegory of the struggle between Light and Darkness as personified in the Egyptian figures of Osiris and Typhon.[2] "This fable is Egyptian. The Egyptians transcend in wisdom. Perhaps, therefore, this fable signifies something more than a fable, because it is Egyptian. If, however, it is not a fable but a sacred discourse, it will deserve, in a still greater degree, to be told."

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[1] Synesius was careful not to involve others in his private heresy. He discussed philosophy with his friends, but in the pulpit he avoided reference to metaphysical problems which he conceived to be beyond the comprehension of the rabble. He taught by precept and example, and incidentally used his episcopal authority to deliver his native province from the tyranny and corruption of the Byzantine officials.

[2] Synesius' allegory does not follow the usual course of the Osiris *mythos*. His "Osiris" bears little resemblance, for example, to "the Lord of Departed Spirits." An Egyptologist might accuse him of inventing a romance. But do we know all that Osiris signified in the Mysteries?

The story begins at the end of the Golden Age in Egypt, before the last of its Divine Kings "departed the same way with the Gods." This King had two sons, Osiris the Good and Typhon the Evil. "Osiris and Typhon were, indeed, brothers, and procreated from the same seed. There is not, however, one and the same relationship of souls and bodies." Osiris was the production of his father's spiritual self-consciousness, and his nature was accordingly luminous and harmonious. Typhon was only physically the child of his divine parent and, therefore, manifested great physical force and vigour, but spiritual intelligence was latent, not active in him, as it is latent, not active in all the lower kingdoms of Cosmic Nature. In theosophical terminology, if the divine King be identified with the "Father in Heaven," the *Atman* or Higher Self, Osiris is the pure spiritual radiation of the Atman, or *Buddhi*, the Spiritual Soul, and Typhon is the Atmic ray qualified and limited by the "illusion of separateness", or *Kama*, the Animal Soul. As the fable told by Synesius suggests, Osiris cannot adequately fulfil his destiny until he dominates his brother, and converts the physical force of Typhon into a spiritual energy.

We read that Osiris as a youth made rapid progress, under his father's guidance, in the arts and sciences. His manners were excellent, his diligence was exemplary, and his conduct towards others was determined by an earnest concern for their welfare. "He imbibed with avidity whatever wisdom anyone possessed, but when it was requisite that he himself should speak, his delays and his blushes were obvious to everyone."

By contrast, Typhon soon revealed extraordinary propensities for perversity. He was boorish, sensual, vain, immoderate in action and in speech. Without wisdom or sagacity, he yet developed a cunning and seditious intelligence which exercised itself in all sorts of malicious inventions and destructive devices. He was perpetually preparing the discomfiture of those who were so rash as to trust in him. Fortunately, his habitual intemperance often put him to sleep before some barbarous design could be executed, and even in the full possession of his faculties he left an impression of arrested development. Thus, whereas Osiris was a lover of harmony and a patron of the divinely instituted art of music, Typhon often "snored when he was awake and was delighted to hear others do the same, conceiving the thing to be a certain admirable music; and he both praised and honoured him who could extend this intemperate sound and give a greater roundness to it." It would seem that jazz must be enumerated among the other doubtful blessings which we owe to this disordered prince.

The King understood perfectly the dispositions of his sons, and devoted himself to an intensive training of Osiris in statesmanship, for he was determined that Osiris, and not Typhon, should succeed to the throne. Finally he convoked an assembly of the Egyptian Notables to ratify his choice, and to their credit be it said that their selection of Osiris was unanimous. In all Egypt only the swineherds and the foreign mercenaries supported Typhon.

Then Osiris began his initiation into the Royal or Greater Mysteries, and

one wishes that at this point the story might have ended with a simple statement that Osiris and the Egyptians lived happily ever afterwards.

However, as Synesius well knew, the Egyptians of his own time were not happy, and Osiris was not in manifestation. The fields and streets of Egypt were crowded with swineherds and foreign mercenaries; there seemed to be no one else. Evidently in order to make his fable conform to the facts, it was necessary to defer the happy ending, to postpone it into the future.

Wandering as a stranger among the ruins of Egypt, Synesius saw Typhon enthroned. Where was Osiris? As he sadly pondered this question, some God appeared to him and explained what had happened.

Osiris, noble and just though he was, had lacked the one element which would have made him perfect as his father was perfect. He had been deficient in force, the *rajas* quality, which had descended to his brother. He had preserved his integrity, but in open battle *on this plane* he had been defeated by Typhon.

His father had foreseen this tragedy, though he knew that until the last moment it might have been averted if Osiris had taken the necessary steps towards acquiring the force which he did not possess by heritage. For that force could only be taken by him from his brother who had inherited it.

"The King admonished Osiris that he should expel his brother from Egypt and send him to some distant land, as he both knew and saw that Osiris was naturally mild, in consequence of which he was at length forced to tell the prince that if he were to endure the depravity of his brother, Typhon would finally betray both him and all men, and would exchange the name of brotherly love for the greatest of calamities . . . '*You also have been initiated in those Mysteries in which there are two pairs of eyes, and it is requisite that the pair which are beneath should be closed when the pair which are above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed, those which are beneath should be opened.*' "

Thus the King repeated the instruction of every wise teacher. Unless the spiritual soul expel the animal soul from the field of personal consciousness, the spiritual soul will itself be expelled by the animal soul. There is not permanent room in that field for both. There is a mystery in this contest. The soul which is exiled gives up its possessions to the soul which gains the day. The victorious spiritual man is enriched by the transmuted force of the animal. The triumphant animal man increases his store of intelligence by the prostitution of spiritual powers.

Osiris responded with gentleness and confidence: "While the Gods are propitious and afford assistance, I shall not fear my brother, though he should remain. For if they be willing, they can easily procure a remedy for what may have been overlooked by me."

The King said: "You do not conceive rightly in this affair, my son. The proper activity of the Gods consists in a movement of adoration towards that Supreme Good which reigns in the Divine World. These Gods, indeed, direct their attention to the lower worlds, turning as much as possible the energy

derived from their contemplation to the subject of their government. . . . That which is pure and entire is immediately arranged under the First Essence, and a succession of orders descends in a continued series, as far as to the last of beings. All things, in this wise, enjoy the providential care of the highest nature, through those of middle rank, but not equally. . . . Understand my words. Do not ask the Gods to be your associates, since their appropriate employment is elsewhere and consists in the practice of contemplation and in the government of the higher worlds. They descend among men only at determined intervals of time, with the objective of imparting the principle of a beneficent growth to the nations of mankind. Again they may restore harmony to a kingdom, sending hither for that purpose souls allied to themselves."

Thomas Taylor adds this commentary: "The Gods always contemplate and always energize providentially, but earthly natures are not always adapted to receive their beneficent energies in a becoming manner."

The student of Theosophy will recognize several familiar ideas. The Gods, who constitute the host of the Logos, are not described as intervening directly in the affairs of men, except on certain occasions regulated by cyclic law. Then they are said to appear on Earth as Kings and Instructors, like the Manus and the Avatars of Eastern tradition. "They also descend when harmony is corrupted and broken through the fault of the natures which received it, when in no other way whatever is it possible for these mundane affairs to be preserved." One recalls the words of Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*: "Whenever there is a withering of the law, O son of Bharata, and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest myself. For the salvation of the righteous and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age."

However, the Logos is conceived to be always and everywhere present as a fructifying and beneficent energy. It is both transcendent and immanent, —transcendent, as the collective consciousness of a Divine Hierarchy; immanent, as the creative force which emanates, like the *Fohat* of Eastern Occultism, from the contemplative activity of the Hierarchy. In the spiritual world, contemplation and action are not represented as distinct and separate faculties, for the contemplation of a God is a creative activity, and the activity of a God is contemplation.

Synesius follows the Neoplatonic tradition in his doctrine that from the emanation or "overflow" of the Logos, all things visible and invisible derive their essence. If the Gods should cease their contemplation of the Supreme Good for an instant, the Universe would *ipso facto* cease to be.

The divine energy which sustains the worlds, is further regarded as benevolently purposeful. This energy, like that which issues from the poles of a magnet, attracts the whole creation towards the centre from which it proceeds. It is the Path of the Monad throughout its pilgrimage, and he who treads the Path to the end will come at last to the abode of the Gods.

When the human stage is reached, conscious coöperation with the divine purpose becomes both possible and necessary. That is why the Gods inter-

vene, in person, so rarely in human affairs. They offer without restraint their inspiration, and the treasure of their acquired wisdom, but they cannot forcibly compel man to adopt an ideal course of action, without reducing him to the status of an automaton and thereby defeating their own objective of endowing him with real Self-consciousness. The King concluded his argument: "Providence requires that men should make use of their own powers. It is not like the mother of an infant incapable of helping itself, but resembles a mother who has brought her child to manhood and who has furnished him with arms. Then she orders him to use his weapons and in this way to repel the evils which assail him."

Thus the King revealed the secret that the Gods seem very remote though they are very near, and that they are nearest to the human heart which is truly self-reliant. In the words of the homely proverb: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Nevertheless, the King was not satisfied that Osiris would make a concrete application of this principle to his own problem. He reminded the prince that he was about to become the ruler of Egypt and that only a hero could adequately perform the duties of this exalted and dangerous station.

Osiris must reconcile himself at once to the fact that he would live surrounded by enemies. "You should pay every possible attention to yourself as if dwelling in a camp among foreigners and as a divine soul among evil dæmons. Be vigilant, my son, by day and by night, that you, being but one, may not be vanquished by the multitude of your foes. And remember that in this contest you must endeavour to elevate yourself, and not to drag down the Gods to your level."

All human souls are targets for demoniacal assaults, but Osiris belonged to a special caste of souls. He was the son and disciple of a God, and being half-divine, was called to share the trials and responsibilities of the Gods. "There is, in this earthly zone, a sacred tribe of heroes who are the natural rulers and guides of humanity. This heroic group is, as it were, a colony established here, that this region may not be left destitute of a better nature, for the heroes stand ready to help others, whenever that is possible. But when Matter incites her progeny to war against the soul, even the heroes resist with difficulty; for everything is strong in its proper place."

The Spiritual Soul is not a native product of this world and is not organically adapted, like the Animal Soul, to the environment of gross Matter. At first it is weak, seemingly helpless on the plane of our sensations, but that does not mean that it must remain without power. It can recruit its strength by drawing to itself the very force which the natives of this plane, the "evil dæmons", exert for its destruction. In claiming and in purifying that force, the Spiritual Man is merely adapting to a divine purpose that which is inherently a spiritual property, for all force is a derivative of the Logos. Then the dæmons are hoist with their own petard. Egypt, the field of self-consciousness or Manas, is the trophy of victory.

Synesius refers to a race of evil dæmons, "the archons of this world",

who oppose human progress. Following the Neoplatonic tradition, he suggests that the overflow of divine energy from the Logos reaches the extreme limit of its emanation upon the plane of gross Matter. Every point of physical Nature is, therefore, the terminus of a ray of spiritual light, a spark of divinity crystallized and imprisoned in an encasement of Matter. The evolution of life and form reflects the impulse of the spark to free itself from its limitation and to reintegrate its identity with the identity of the Logos. However, when evolution reaches our actual semi-human stage, the awareness of our material limitations too often becomes self-conscious before the awareness of our inner divinity, and desires and passions and vanities are generated which obscure our essential nature. These passional elements are the "evil dæmons" of Synesius, as they are one species of the "elementals" of theosophical literature. They are the "life-atoms" of our organized lower natures, and they are transmissible, like disease-germs, from one nature to another, whenever there exists the possibility of infection. It follows that in so far as a man deliberately identifies himself with these "elementals", his personality becomes *Typhonic* and passes to the "shadow-side of Nature."

"The evil dæmons who are the blossoms and progeny of Matter, seek to make the souls of men their own. The manner of their operation is as follows. They are favoured because it is not possible that there should be any man who has not in himself some portion of the irrational Elements. Evil dæmons, being allied to the irrational Elements, invade and betray the human creature. What occurs resembles a siege. Or, as coals are swiftly enkindled by torches, so the nature of the dæmons being passional, when they approach the soul, they incite the passions which are in the soul and which are thereby converted from a potential to an active condition." Even the most heroic soul is subject to demoniacal attacks, while it is incarnated in a body whose substance is a compound of the "irrational Elements." But the wise know the art of "suspending what is irrational from their essence." They do not confuse their identity with any of the bodily faculties of sensation and action.

"When the divine part of the soul does not follow the motions of the inferior part, but frequently restrains it and converts it into itself, then in process of time it repels all attacks and is no longer passive to the influx of demoniacal energies. Thereupon, the whole being becomes truly divine and unified. And this is a celestial plant in the earth which grows without any foreign ingraftment, for it changes that which is foreign to itself into its own nature."

Synesius describes two major stages in the struggle between the two souls in man. There is an interior combat during which the Spiritual Soul tries so to manœuvre as to establish itself in a position which the animal elementals cannot assail. By diligent self-purification and by the cultivation of detachment, the aspirant can place himself out of the reach of the grosser vanities and temptations of psychic and physical life. One begins to live upon a plane where these vanities and temptations cannot exist. This may be briefly described, in exoteric Christian terms, as the achievement of "salvation." In theosophical language, the soul has consciously entered upon the Path.

The second stage of the battle is of far more serious import. The Spiritual Soul, having gained detachment from the animal elementals, sets forth to annihilate them and to reënforce its strength by the transmutation and assimilation of the force which the elementals have perverted. This is an undertaking not for the ordinary man but for the hero. However, if one be received into the ranks of the heroes, he cannot shirk the battle; for this contest is waged continuously by the "heroic tribe" on behalf of humanity which they serve, as adjutants of the Gods. They strive with the evil dæmons in themselves, to gain a greater power to defend their weaker brethren from the assaults of the Dark Powers in the Great War whose battle-front is the whole world.

The King said to Osiris: "I fear that you will be worsted in the later stage of the war, though you win the first battle. For the dæmons, having failed in the first inner contest, will return to assault you externally, stirring up war and sedition everywhere and trying to weaken your bodily force. They will aim to extirpate you from the earth, since your manifestation of goodness will be not only a detriment to themselves but will cause many to revolt from their dominion."

In the second battle, Typhon appears as something more potent than the false personality or lower nature of a single entity. He becomes the type and representative of all the conscious evil which the whole human race has engendered, by wrong self-identification, since the beginning of its troubled history. In this aspect, Typhon is Set or Satan, the corrupter of his brethren, the perverter of the divine powers which constitute the essence of humanity.

The King, viewing the tragic destiny of his son, made his last appeal: "That soul is not to be conquered, Osiris, in which strength and wisdom are conjoined. But when these are separated, strength being without wisdom and wisdom being impotent, the soul is easily subdued. Therefore, the Egyptians have a two-fold symbol for Hermes, placing a youth and an old man side by side, signifying that he who rightly contemplates divine concerns, must be both intelligent and strong. On this account also a sphinx is placed in the vestibules of our temples, as a sacred image of the conjunction of these two goods; the beast in the figure representing strength and the man wisdom."

* * * * * * *

The King departed and Osiris reigned in his stead. He balanced justice with clemency; he helped the sick and needy; he supported at his own expense all who revealed talents of mind and heart but who were too poor to instruct themselves; his court was a model of grace and decorum;—it would be impossible to give the list of his virtuous acts or of his claims to the gratitude of the Egyptians. Yet one thing he lacked, namely the strength which should be the accompaniment of wisdom. He tried to kill his brother with kindness and his brother did not die. On the contrary, when the time was favourable, Typhon usurped the throne by fraud and force, and Osiris was expelled.

Typhon has had a long reign, if—as some suspect—under the form of politi-

cal and moral democracy he continues to rule to-day. Nevertheless, Osiris is not dead. When he became an exile, he remembered his father's words and at last declared war on his vicious brother. He has learned the lesson which Arjuna learned at the feet of Krishna.

The weight of the Iron Age makes more difficult the labours of Osiris and of the heroic fraternity to which he belongs. But the days of Typhon are numbered, and when the cycle turns, Osiris will again appear in Egypt. However, he will seem less uniformly mild than before, for he will bear the emblems of a Warrior.

"We must not wonder if we behold a very ancient narrative verified in life and should see things which flourish before our eyes accord with what is unfolded in this narrative."

* * * * * * *

It has been suggested that the noblesse of Egypt were of the same race as the Rajputs of India. The Rajputs are of the Kshatriya Caste, and are, therefore, soldiers by inheritance and profession; but it is significant that the period of their dominance was the age of the *Upanishads*. They were faithful custodians of the Mysteries, practising daily the precept that "he who rightly contemplates divine concerns, must be both intelligent and strong."

The Egyptian King, in Synesius' allegory, speaks the language of the Warrior Caste, and it is certain that his Indian Brothers would have understood him. Also, he would have been understood, though it may be with reservations, by a mediæval knight; for the King's teaching, which blends the love of wisdom with the cult of military virtue, might be interpreted as an exposition of the chivalric ideal. The true *chevalier* pledged himself to observe a code of behaviour which was a ritual of initiation into a community of heroes. No man could obey that code without increasing his store of wisdom and of power. Mediæval chivalry is describable as an historical failure only because its code was not consistently obeyed, until, as a consequence of increasing disobedience, men ceased to recognize or to value it even as an ideal.

Like the old world which Synesius knew, the modern world has almost lost the appreciation of heroic standards. The excellence of Synesius consists in his uncompromising defence of those standards at a time when very few were willing to follow his example. A similar need exists to-day,—and there is a call for volunteers.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTION 3

JANAKA AND YAJNAVALKYA: II

IN the dialogues between the renowned King Janaka of the Videhas and the yet greater sage Yajnavalkya, there is, behind the sequence of question and answer, a consistent symbolism full of significance for an understanding of the Mysteries. In the present dialogue, Yajnavalkya, though coming to the court of King Janaka, is at first determined not to speak, that is, not to reveal anything of the sacred wisdom, to the King. Janaka is himself a sage, an Initiate, yet he stands toward the greater Initiate Yajnavalkya as a pupil, who must fulfil the laws of discipleship. One of these laws is that the disciple must have made himself ready before the Master is willing to teach, or, indeed, has the right to teach. But King Janaka shows that he is ready and has gained the right to be instructed, by making the offering of the holy fire, that is, by enkindling within his heart and spirit the sacred fire of aspiration and devotion. Therefore Yajnavalkya is willing to speak.

King Janaka puts a series of questions which also have their consistent symbolic meaning. Their purpose is, to lead upward by a series of steps, which are really degrees of ascending consciousness, to the full intuition of Atma, the Divine and Universal Self, which is the one Real in a world of appearances, evanescent and temporary, and therefore unreal. The Divine and Universal Self seeks and finds manifestation by introducing the principle of individuality, through which the One Eternal appears to become many individuals, whose interaction heightens and enhances the powers lying latent in the Divine Self. Thus the powers which are called Monads come into being, each seemingly separate from all others, yet each potentially one with the whole Being of the Divine and Universal Self, this oneness with their Source constituting a fundamental oneness between them, so that each enters into its full being only through recovery of identity with all others, through realizing identity with the One. When the children are thus reunited and return together to their home, the life of that home is intensified and enriched beyond measure, and this enrichment is the purpose and justification of their several pilgrimages. Each brings back something to add to the family treasure.

The pilgrimage of the Monad is thus summarized by Yajnavalkya: "This spirit of man, coming to birth, entering a body, goes forth beset by darkness and evil. So ascending, passing through death, he puts aside darkness and evil." The spirit of man has two dwelling-places: the natural world and the spiritual world. Between these two he oscillates, this alternation defining the manner in which the Monad gains that experience which is to be his contribution to the general treasure.

There are the alternations between outer action and inner thought, between activity and contemplation, which are, in a sense, alternate eating and digesting; there is the alternation between day and night, between waking and sleeping; there is the similar but larger alternation between "living" and "death", between this world and the paradise of repose between death and rebirth.

Of the three kindred states, subjective thinking, dreaming, and the life of the paradise of repose, it is equally true that the spirit of man is himself the builder. He himself hews the wood and erects the dwelling. He extracts the essence from his experience in the outer world of day, of "living", and, taking it into his inner sanctuary, there examines his treasure, sets it forth before him for contemplation and appraisement, and absorbs into his being, as a permanent possession, all of his experience that has in it the essence of immortality. Thus the spirit of man becomes his own light. For the spirit of man is Creator.

The splendid and eventful pilgrimage of the Monad is set forth in sentences that are full of imaginative beauty: "Leaving the bodily world through the door of dream, the sleepless Spirit views the sleeping powers. Clothed in radiance he returns to his own dwelling, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting."

And again: "As a great fish swims along both banks of a river, first the nearer bank and then the farther, so this spirit of man traverses both these worlds, the world of dream and the world of waking. . . .

"Then, as in this shining ether a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro and growing weary, folds its wings and sinks to rest, so, verily, this spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and beholds no dream. . . ."

The subjective withdrawal, whether in contemplation, in the deep sleep which is beyond dream, or the still deeper sleep which is beyond the paradise of repose after death, is essentially a foreshadowing of the being of the Spirit, of all Spirits, in the final return after the long, eventful pilgrimage is ended, and the Oneness of the Divine One is regained, enriched by the treasure gained through innumerable lives, by innumerable Spirits.

It is true of that final return, as, in a lesser degree, it is true of the deep sleep which is beyond dream, and the deeper sleep which is above the paradise of repose, that "the father is father no more, nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds: the outcast is not an outcast, the pilgrim is a pilgrim no longer, nor the saint a saint." All the innumerable Spirits, each as ambassador of the One, have passed through their innumerable experiences, all of which are now purified and harmonized in the great return.

In the passage which follows is revealed, so far as it can be revealed in words, the final being of the returned pilgrims in their re-united life as the One:

"The spirit of man sees not; yet, seeing not, he sees. For the power that dwells in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to see. . . . For only where

there is separation may one see another, may one speak to another, may one hear another. But the one Seer is undivided like a sea of pure water. This is the world of the Eternal."

Two phrases require comment. At each stage of the teaching, King Janaka says to the Master Yajnavalkya: "I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!" In the language of the Mysteries "cattle" has a definite symbolic meaning. As cattle graze in a field, steadily moving forward as they graze, so man's powers of perception move forward through the manifested worlds, gathering the food of experience and communicating it to the inner nature. The cattle in the field are man's perceptive powers, normally, in the man who has not been spiritually reborn, represented as five (or five hundred), standing primarily for the five external powers of sense, sight, hearing and the rest. But when the man has been spiritually reborn, he enters into possession of the spiritual senses, the inner powers of perception also; he now possesses ten (or a thousand) cattle. Therefore the duly qualified disciple comes to his Master with spiritual powers already awakened and active. Or, in the symbolic language of the text, he gives his Master a thousand cattle.

The second significant phrase is this: "Thus Yajnavalkya imparted the wisdom handed down": that is, the Mystery teaching, handed down from Master to disciple, as set forth in the fourth book of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* by the Master Krishna.

THE INWARD LIGHT

To Janaka king of the Videhas came Yajnavalkya, determined not to speak openly with the king. But when Janaka king of the Videhas and Yajnavalkya debated together at the offering of the holy fire, Yajnavalkya offered the king a wish. The king chose: to ask questions according to his desire. Yajnavalkya assented, and the king first asked:

Yajnavalkya, what is the light of this spirit of man?

The sun is his light, O king; he answered. For with the sun as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

The moon then becomes his light; he answered. With the moon as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

Fire then becomes his light; he answered. With fire as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks to rest, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

Voice then becomes his light; he answered. With voice as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns. Therefore in truth, O king, when a

man cannot distinguish even his own hand, where a voice sounds, thither he approaches.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks to rest, and the voice is stilled, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

The Divine Self, the Soul, then becomes his light; he answered. With the Soul as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

Which of his powers is the Soul? he asked.

It is the spirit of man which is made of Consciousness among the life-powers, the Light within the heart. This spirit of man, remaining unchanged, moves and perceives in both worlds. He seems to be clothed with imaginings. He seems to be full of activities. For when he enters into rest, the spirit of man transcends this world and the forms of death.

This spirit of man, verily, coming to birth, entering into a body, goes forth beset by darkness and evil. So ascending, passing through death, he puts aside darkness and evil.

Of him, of this spirit of man, there are two dwelling-places: this world and his dwelling-place in the other world. The borderland between them is the third, the dwelling-place of dreams. While he dwells in the borderland, he beholds both these dwelling-places, this world and his dwelling-place in the other world. And so, according as his advance is in the other world, attaining to that advance he beholds both the darkness of evil and the joy of bliss.

When he enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself and himself building the dwelling, the spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light. Thus this spirit of man becomes his own light.

There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man puts forth chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are there any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man puts forth delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lakes there, nor lotus pools, nor rivers. The spirit of man puts forth lakes and lotus pools and rivers. For the spirit of man is Creator.

And there are these verses concerning this:

Leaving the bodily world through the door of dream, the sleepless Spirit views the sleeping powers. Clothed in radiance he returns to his own dwelling, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting.

Guarding the nest beneath through the life-breath, the spirit of man rises immortal above the nest. He soars immortal according to his desire, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting.

Soaring upward and downward in dreamland, as a god he makes for himself manifold forms; now with fair beauties rejoicing, laughing, now beholding terrible things.

They see his pleasure-ground, but him sees no one. Therefore it is said: Let none abruptly wake him that sleeps: hard to heal, verily, is he to whom the Soul returns not.

They also say that dream is a province of waking. For whatever he beholds while awake, the same he beholds in dream. Thus the spirit of man becomes his own light.

King Janaka said: I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his ease in the resting-place above dream, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to his place through dream. But whatever he beholds there, returns not after him, for this spirit of man is detached and free.

King Janaka said: This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his ease in dream, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to his place in the world of waking. But whatever he beholds there, returns not after him, for this spirit of man is detached and free.

King Janaka said: This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his pleasure in the world of waking, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to the realm of dream.

Therefore, as a great fish swims along both banks of a river, first the nearer bank and then the farther, so this spirit of man traverses both these worlds, the world of dream and the world of waking.

Then, as in this shining ether a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro and growing weary, folds its wings and sinks to rest, so, verily, this spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and beholds no dream. There are, verily, these channels within him, called the inwardly disposed, fine as a hair divided a thousand times, filled with the shining, the blue, the yellow, the green, the red.

When he has dreamed that they are slaying him, that they are oppressing him, that an elephant is pursuing him, that he is falling into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he understands that it was through unwisdom. Where, like a god, like a king, he perceives that he is the All; this is his highest world.

This, verily, is that form of his which has passed beyond desire, which has put away evil, which is without fear. As one who is wrapped in the arms of the beloved, knows nought of what is without or within, so this spirit of man, wrapped about by the Divine Self of Inspiration, knows nought of what is without or within. This, therefore, is his perfect form. He has won his desire. The Divine Self is his desire. He is beyond desire. He has made an end of sorrow.

Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds; the bright powers are bright powers no longer, nor the scriptures, scriptures; here the thief is thief no longer, nor the murderer a murderer; the

outcast is not an outcast, nor the baseborn any longer baseborn; the pilgrim is a pilgrim no longer, nor the saint a saint. For the spirit of man is not followed by good, he is not followed by evil. For he has crossed over all the sorrows of the heart.

The spirit of man sees not; yet, seeing not, he sees. For the power that dwells in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to see.

The spirit of man smells not; yet, smelling not, he smells. For the power that dwells in smelling cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to smell.

The spirit of man tastes not; yet, tasting not, he tastes. For the power that dwells in taste cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to taste.

The spirit of man speaks not; yet, speaking not, he speaks; for the power that dwells in speaking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to speak to.

The spirit of man hears not; yet, hearing not, he hears. For the power that dwells in hearing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to hear.

The spirit of man thinks not; yet, thinking not, he thinks. For the power that dwells in thinking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to think of.

The spirit of man touches not; yet, touching not, he touches. For the power that dwells in touch cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to touch.

The spirit of man knows not; yet, knowing not, he knows. For the power that dwells in knowing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to know.

For only where there is separation may one see another, may one smell another, may one taste another, may one speak to another, may one hear another, may one think of another, may one touch another, may one know another. But the one Seer is undivided like a sea of pure water. This, O king, is the world of the Eternal.—Thus Yajnavalkya imparted the wisdom handed down.—This is the highest path of the spirit of man. This is his highest treasure. This is his highest world. This is his highest bliss. All beings, verily, live on a measure of this bliss.

He who among men is rich and happy, a lord well endowed with all wealth, this is the highest bliss of mankind. But a hundredfold greater than the bliss of mankind is the bliss of those who have departed and have won paradise. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of those who have departed and have won paradise is the bliss of the world of seraphs. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the world of seraphs is the bliss of the bright powers who have grown divine through righteousness. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the bright powers who have grown divine through righteousness is the bliss of the bright powers who are divine by birth, and of him who has heard the

teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the bright powers who are divine by birth is the bliss of the world of creative powers, and of him who has heard the teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the world of creative powers is the bliss of the world of the Eternal, and of him who has heard the teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. This, verily, is the supreme bliss, this, O king, is the world of the Eternal. Thus spoke Yajnavalkya.

He replied: I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

Then Yajnavalkya feared, thinking: the wise king has cut me off from all retreat. C. J.

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Onwards! it is now time to act; and what signifies self, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future?—Byron.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE direct cause of my joining the T. S. came through a "chance" meeting with an old friend who had been a member for many years. It was just after Convention. Putting his hand on my shoulder he said, "I want you to join the Branch here in New York, for your own sake. It is one of the great centres of spiritual force in the world to-day—and the opportunity, once lost, may not come again." We shook hands on my promise to join, and parted, not to meet certainly for another year, perhaps never in this life, as he was getting old, and lived far away. Not daring to go back on my promise, or disobey an inner prompting which my friend had perceived, but which he knew I might never act on if left to myself, I applied for membership and was accepted. After years of hesitancy and very real doubt as to my own fitness, I was given my chance.

So much for the direct cause of my joining the T. S. The indirect but fundamental causes were many years in developing, and started with my early teens. My first deliberate contact with the disintegrating forces in physical nature, with what old-fashioned morality calls sin, was at an early age—thirteen, if I remember correctly. The reaction which followed was intense. From outraged conscience, grew at first vague fears that had their prototype in the theological one of everlasting damnation. These were soon followed by a whole troop of others, until terror, blind and unreasoning, had me in its grip. In the misery and desperation of the months that followed, whatever supports my youthful religious training might have afforded, snapped like straws in the wind. All feeling, even consciousness itself, seemed swallowed up in an abyss of nothingness, stark and terror-haunted on every side.

One day a ray of hope pierced my blackness. I had grasped something of the meaning of Infinity. Infinite darkness, infinite light—they must be one in the All—in God. Holding on desperately to this thought, I began to hope for deliverance from my self-made hell. I knew I should be saved from death or madness, and that some day I should break through and find peace.

The memory of the years that followed is one of failures, of lost hopes, of innumerable beginnings lightened by a rarely occasional "flash from the battlements of Heaven". My search began with New Thought. Cut off from any real companionship by my inner condition, I sought with an eagerness born of loneliness and despair. This phase was short-lived, and but served as an introduction to the "Yoga philosophy" of various adapters and interpreters of the ancient doctrine. Adventures in the "sub-conscious" gave way to long hours spent in search of the Absolute, viâ short cuts outlined by self-styled "Yogis" and "Adepts". Escaping from the more serious dangers of

this phase, but not without some permanent scars, it was not long before I came in contact with Theosophy. Here at last was a glimpse of "Home". Now I should find the peace that had been denied me. Plunging into all the theosophical literature I could find, I became an eager listener at the meetings of the different societies and organizations calling themselves Theosophical. What mattered a host of neglected duties when compared with my pain and hunger? While this new world offered a broad avenue of intellectual escape, my outer life remained unchanged, my feelings still ice-bound in the old personal fears and doubts.

It was during this period that I met an unusual and vital personality. Once a member of standing in the original Society, when I knew her she was living almost the life of a recluse, cut off from all her former associations by causes largely of her own making. Here was a woman of remarkable psychic and intellectual powers, who had come in contact with much of the genius of her generation, and withal charming and lovable to a degree. Surely now my deliverance would come, under such inspiration and guidance. But even this association, lasting for some years, until her death, failed to bring the promised release. Discouraged by these repeated failures and disillusioned with my idols, I gradually gave over even the feeble struggle with which I had met my worst failings, and began a period of unrestrained indulgence. This was broken by a year of enforced hardship, in primitive and uncongenial surroundings. Here suffering and disappointment led me back for a time to the old ideals, strengthened and encouraged by the same friend through whom I finally joined the Society.

Later, I became an intermittent visitor to the New York Branch meetings. While catching something of their élan, their inner force and inspiration, once more opportunity came and went unheeded. Old habits and weaknesses soon asserted themselves, and again I sank to the old levels of indulgence—and despair. Then came the meeting with my old friend, and membership in the Society. Once in that current of common effort and aspiration, and aided by a closer contact with some of the older members (to whom, for their patience and kindness, I owe a debt of eternal gratitude), I knew that I had definitely turned toward "Home". It was then that I began to realize that all the years of search, of failure and suffering, were but a small price to pay for what I had found. I stopped merely trying to find out *about* the inner life, and for the first time, however imperfectly, started to *live* it.

R. H. B.

HOW KNOW?

IN the early days of the Movement, carping critics, usually with an air of settled triumph, were constantly pointing out discrepancies and contradictions in the published statements of Madame Blavatsky, and in the letters of Masters published from time to time. H. P. B. herself indicated more than once why this appearance of error was by no means always due to mistakes on her part, or on that of her august Instructors, but rather lay in the materialistic outlook, limited understanding, and "dead-letter interpretation" of those who had little or no occult insight, and on whom, therefore, highly significant or suggestive (if fragmentary) statements were completely lost.[1] In principle, this reaction of the early days must inevitably repeat itself with succeeding generations, perhaps on different planes and less outspokenly, until the student of Theosophy is prepared almost instinctively to seek knowledge in paradox and contradiction as readily as in what at first sight meets with his ready intellectual assent. Not until he has done so, not until he has trained himself to seek truth in many forms and disguises, and to rely on inner perception as much as on processes of reasoning, can he hope to begin in any real sense "to know".

Many do not seem to stop to consider as a personal problem, or as a barrier against their attainment of occult knowledge, the fact that such a truly open-minded attitude is actually opposed by the accepted methods and training of modern science, as also by both Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy, in which we in the West are all steeped from earliest education. This will, perhaps, become more apparent if we consider an interesting problem, newly raised, concerning the life of an illustrious savant of the 13th century, Ramon Lull, or Raymund Lully as he is known in England. No ordinary student can contrast the historic outline of his life as presented by modern "research", with the widely divergent mystical traditions about him, and above all with the explicit statements in Theosophic literature, without asking the question: "How know?" Perhaps the examination of a special problem may not only throw light on a particular case, after both sides have been presented, but the discussion may also serve to indicate certain principles and methods of approach which may be applied with advantage to all such problems as they arise. In this way we may be able to reap more of the fruit of our marvellous heritage of the past.

Last autumn the first scholarly biography in English of Ramon Lull was published. It is by Professor E. Allison Peers of Liverpool University.[2] As Professor Peers has brought to bear, not only the greatest scholarly care and

[1] Cf., for example, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 151 (1st ed.).

[2] *Ramon Lull, A Biography*, by E. Allison Peers, M. A., London, Society For Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York, The Macmillan Co., 1929; $7.50.

thoroughness in handling his sources, but a real enthusiasm for Lull and his works, his volume is an outstanding example of what modern orthodoxy can achieve. Let us, therefore, survey the salient features of Professor Peers' presentation of the "facts" of Lull's life, together with the interpretation which he puts upon them; and then consider the mystical traditions which Professor Peers inevitably dismisses as chimerical. But first let us interject that until the work undertaken by him in translating Lull from the Catalan, the latter was virtually unknown to English readers. During the past seven years Professor Peers has given us what are considered Lull's masterpieces, *Blanquerna; The Book of the Lover and the Beloved*, a charming and highly mystical dialogue of the soul; *The Art of Contemplation; The Tree of Love*, another poetical allegory treating of a type of mystical consciousness; and finally the *Book of Beasts*, a characteristic early medieval allegorical work. Now, to round out this remarkable labour, we have an exhaustive biography of more than four hundred and fifty pages. Students of Theosophy are unquestionably his debtors for making this scholastic-mystic more available, thus extending the range of those studies in "comparative religions" which it is one of the objects of the Society to promote.

Ramon Lull was a contemporary of Dante and Boniface VIII; of Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus and Duns Scotus; of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusades; of the *Lais* of Marie de France, the rise of Arthurian Romance, of Grail literature, and the *Roman de la Rose;* of St. Gertrude the Great, Angela of Foligno, St. Bonaventura and Jacopone da Todi; of Sadi and the saintly Jelalu'd'Din Rumi. He was, according to Professor Peers, born in the "fairest of Catalan island-gardens", Mallorca, about 1231, five years after the death of St. Francis of Assisi, and he was martyred by the Moors of Bugia in Tunis while striving to convert them in 1315, at the ripe age of eighty-five. The scion of a noble Catalan family, Lull grew up to take his part in the profligate life of King James I of Aragon's court. At about the age of thirty he was converted,[3] put behind him family life, great wealth and worldly position, and for fifty-five years gave himself without reserve to the service of his Master. In 1295, at the age of sixty-five he became a Franciscan Tertiary. He wrote over two hundred books (one of them, *Blanquerna*, is 500 modern printed pages), and he laboured by translation from and into Arabic, to convert the Moors. He lectured at Montpellier, Paris, Rome and elsewhere, and before Kings, Popes, and Councils, on the need to study Moslem philosophy and mysticism, and to found colleges for such study, for the purpose of converting the Moors to Christianity. He also wrote, and lectured ceaselessly on, an encyclopædic work in Latin, called the *Ars Magna*, or "Art

[3] "It was Thy Passion, O Lord, that aroused and awakened Thy servant, when he was . . . dead in mortal sins", he says of himself (p. 19). He had five fully recorded visions of Christ:

> "But Jesus Christ, of His great clemency,
> Five times upon the Cross appear'd to me,
> That I might think upon Him lovingly,
> And cause His Name proclaim'd abroad to be
> Through all the world. . . . . " (p. 21).

of finding Truth", with complicated diagrams, etc., which embodied "a scheme by which all ideas were made capable of formal arrangement, and reasoning could be carried on by a mechanical process", to the intent of arriving at a compendium of truth. Finally, he attempted, by disputations and by actual missionary trips to Africa, to convert the Moors in their own strongholds. A preliminary venture came to nothing because of his own last-minute cowardice; and on the first successful—a solitary—expedition, he escaped martyrdom, after six months in prison, solely by fleeing; while in old age a last attempt was deliberately undertaken in the hope of speedily receiving martyrdom, and proving his love for his Lord. This, in brief, is the story as Professor Peers gives it.

Within the limitations of a strictly orthodox interpretation of the surviving sources which are deemed acceptable, Professor Peers has written a thorough and sympathetic life of this majestic figure. Lull obviously presents difficulties in any attempt to classify him with the usual ecclesiastical mystic of his century. He was far less under the mental limitations of the theology of his day, if only because of his Arabic studies; while his knowledge of Moslem and Hebrew mystical and philosophical writings in the originals, led him to work throughout his long life for the introduction of those languages and the study of those literatures in the European universities and monasteries. He sought, also, to create centres of such learning; and for a short while one such college was actually established at Miramar; but his point of view was in advance of the age, and not till later did his long insistence bear fruit. Unfortunately, the largest part of his writings was controversial, we are told, aimed to convince unbelievers of the logical necessity of embracing Christianity, and usually cast in the form of a dialogue, with some slight semblance of story to provide a setting. Most of this would to-day bore anyone but the special student; and the readableness of Professor Peers' book suffers from the necessity of analysing and characterizing so many relatively dull works. He makes for us, however, a vivid picture of a forceful, lovable, if not inspiring, then always original servant of Christ, who gave himself utterly to his ideal, worked indefatigably, was obstinate as well as tenacious, never knew when he was either defeated or mistaken, and, while failing to accomplish what throughout his life he had apparently set his heart on—the conversion of the Moors—he actually did achieve a niche among the great of "the greatest of centuries" by what he was in himself, as much as by anything he did, or even because of any books that he wrote.

At the end, Professor Peers gives a survey, first, of the "History of Lullism", his beatification by popular acclaim, which was confirmed, after the bitter opposition of the Dominicans and some Popes, by Pope Leo X early in the 16th century, and more recently by Pius IX in 1847; and, second, of the foundation of a Lullian University at Mallorca, now several centuries old, for the study and propagation of his works, and a defence of "the purity of Lullian doctrine and the utility of the Lullian Art and Science". It will be seen from this that the Roman Church has, after prolonged and bitter controversy,

finally decided to adopt Lull, and that therefore any traditions savouring of alchemy or occultism would perforce be rigorously excluded.

So much for the picture, not by any means without intrinsic interest, of the "academic" Lull. Let us now turn to the *Theosophical Glossary* for a totally different conception, which requires almost an intellectual *volte face*, and from which it becomes obvious that there is far more to Lull than appears on the surface, or than modern orthodoxy, scientific as well as ecclesiastical, would be willing, or able, to concede. The *Glossary*, students will remember, was prepared by Madame Blavatsky, who died, however, before she could read more than thirty galleys of the proofs. Under the special caption LULLY, she writes in unqualified terms:

> "An alchemist, adept and philosopher, born in the 13th century, on the island of Majorca. It is claimed for him that, in a moment of need, he made for King Edward III of England several millions of 'rose nobles', and thus helped him to carry on war victoriously. He founded several colleges for the study of Oriental languages, and Cardinal Ximenes was one of his patrons, and held him in great esteem, as also Pope John XXI. He died in 1314, at a good old age. Literature has preserved many wild stories about Raymond Lully, which would form a most extraordinary romance. He was the elder son of the Seneschal of Majorca and inherited great wealth from his father."

This is certainly suggestive—and, as we have seen, no hint of a man of so special and exalted a kind will be found in Professor Peers' biography. On the contrary, the latter is at pains to point out that some, at least, of the alchemical works attributed to Lull have been proved (by scholarship) to have been written either by "a converted Jew named Raimundo de Tárraga, who lived in the fourteenth century" (p. 406, n. 1), or "by men who were anxious that their writings should receive attention"—so great was Lull's reputation.[4] Moreover, Professor Peers cites several important passages from Lull's works "known to be genuine", in which he explicitly and "repeatedly attacked the alchemists' pretensions", denied the theory or principles of alchemy, and condemned its practices (pp. 405-6),—"a fact which, apart from other considerations, is surely final" (p. 407).

Here, therefore, we have exactly the sort of contradiction which raises the question "How know?"—for Madame Blavatsky calls Lull not only an "adept", but an "alchemist"; while even exoteric authorities disagree, because two of his recent biographers, Salzinger and Rosselló (who edited Lull's works), characterized as unusually "well informed", endorse this view, the latter writing in 1859 that Lull's "chief title to glory and immortality is as a chemist".[5] There is more to the contradiction than this. Madame Blavatsky cites the story of Lull making "rose nobles" for Edward III in England,—a statement which turns out, on investigation, to be "historically" unsound.

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[4] Cf. the hostile and superficial article in the *Encyc. Brit.*, where this question is also discussed, and "authorities" cited.

[5] *Obras rimadas*, p. 112; quoted with astonishment by Prof. Peers, p. 406.

It is admitted that for five years (1277-1282), Lull travelled, and where, is not known. Students of Theosophy may draw their own conclusions. Professor Peers says: "Tradition credits Ramon with making subsequent visits to countries as far apart as Abyssinia, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Morocco, Andalucia—and even England! The evidence in favour of this tradition is very slight",—and descriptive passages in Lull's own books (all the actual evidence that seems to have survived) point consistently to the Orient and in no way to England. He adds in a foot-note: "Some of Lull's biographers draw the most extravagant conclusions from such evidence as there is. All that I personally consider relevant is brought together in the text below" (p. 145, ff., with note 3).

Edward III, referred to above in the *Glossary*, did not come to the throne till 1327, or twelve years after the date given for Lull's death; and so he would have been only three years old when Ramon died. Furthermore, "rose nobles" are a well-known coin, and they did not appear till the reign of Edward IV in 1465,[6] one hundred and fifty years after Lull's death. The story is based upon a *Testament* of one John Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, and first published in a collection of chemical and semi- or quasi-alchemistical treatises called *Tripos Aureus*, published by Michael Maier in 1614, or three centuries after Lull's death. No intermediate biographies, of which there were many, know of this story. Now, according to Mr. Waite, there never was an Abbot at Westminster named John Cremer, nor any other contemporary Abbot of that name known in England. Several additional mistakes, together with fragments of other known works crudely juxtaposed in this *Testament*, which result in glaring anachronisms, would indicate that it was an entirely spurious document. Furthermore, in 1344 an English Alchemist named Ripley was supposed to have manufactured gold coinage for Edward in the Tower, and this story has been slightly altered and applied to Ramon Lull by the compiler of John Cremer's *Testament*.[7] On the other hand, Mackenzie, in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* (p. 626), lists Cremer as a Rosicrucian, calls him Abbot of Westminster, and says that after "having obtained a profound knowledge of the secrets of alchymy, he became a most celebrated and learned disciple of occult philosophy." Mackenzie appears to have had access to Rosicrucian traditions, but he seems also to summarize just this *Testament*.

What, then, are we to think? Was Madame Blavatsky wrong in stating that Lull was an "adept" and "alchemist", and in quoting an apocryphal legend about him in support of her statements? She says that he founded "several colleges", as some early biographies state; while according to history, only one was founded, at Miramar, which was destroyed during his life-time; and none of his subsequent efforts met with success. It was Lull himself, and not his father, who was Seneschal of Mallorca! So here, in one brief

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[6]Kenyon, *Gold Coins of England*, pp. 57-8; quoted at length by A. E. Waite, *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers*, London, 1888, pp. 85-6.

[7]Cf. A. E. Waite's critique in his rewriting of *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers*, 1888, pp. 68-88, with the account in the original volume. The omissions and inclusions are instructive.

paragraph, we have just the kind of writing which modern scholarship would reject impatiently as utterly worthless. Is the student of Theosophy left without recourse?

Let us see. Amiel, certainly not a conscious occultist, wrote in 1866: "To understand is to possess the thing understood *first* by sympathy, and then by intelligence. Far, then, from dismembering and dissecting at the start the object to be conceived, we should begin by laying hold of it in its *ensemble*, then in its formation, and only last of all in its parts. The procedure is the same for the study of a watch or a plant, a work of art or a character. We should contemplate, respect, interrogate, and not massacre, what we wish to know. We must assimilate ourselves to things, give ourselves to them, open ourselves with docility to their influence, and steep ourselves in their spirit and their distinctive form, before we offer violence to them (*les brutaliser*) by dissecting them".[8] The current methods of science, and of "source-finding", are the reverse of this attitude, as the analysis of the above passage from the *Glossary* illustrates. But that same paragraph, it should be remembered, was written with a purpose, to convey a truth or an idea, by someone who was eminently qualified to *know*, or to write on behalf of those who do *know*. Therefore, a direct statement from such a source that Ramon Lull was "an alchemist, adept and philosopher", cannot wisely be set aside, either lightly or reluctantly. All that follows the first phrase, be it noted well, is prefaced by the words, "It is claimed for him that . . . ", which leaves it to those who make the claims to prove their case, not to H. P. B. But the hint is given for those who wish to take it,—or, as H. P. B. was so fond of adding at the end of her notes and elsewhere in *The Secret Doctrine: Verbum sat. sapienti.*

It will be conceded that orthodoxy, whether ecclesiastical or that of "pure" scholarship, is in no position to judge as to whether a man is an "adept" or not, or whether his written works may not be "speaking to the condition" of his age and readers. Certainly those we have been able to read (in Professor Peers' beautifully written translations) are highly mystical, and seem to spring from experience and knowledge, not from mere intellectual achievement. Alchemy in the thirteenth century, as well as later, bordered on black magic, and followed several mistaken principles, so that Lull may have known, and probably did know, exactly what he was doing when he wrote about it as he did. The very nature of the "wild stories" concerning him, as we shall see, and the extraordinary extent and vitality of his reputation, bespeak a quality of force which in itself goes far to prove the statement that he was an adept. Furthermore, we have been told that until comparatively recent times, there was a branch of the Lodge in Spain and we may well look, therefore, for traces of its work and influence.

The first step in *How to know*, therefore, would seem to have been stated by Amiel, namely, in *sympathy*, and in laying hold of a new proposition in its *ensemble*, and only "last of all in its parts". If we would know the *truth*,

[8] *Fragments D'un Journal Intime*, Édition Nouvelle par Bernard Bourrier, Collection Helvéstique. Genéve and Paris, 1922; Tome II, pp. 25–26.

which means *all* the truth, about a character in history, it is obvious that an endless compromise between the conflicting statements of his contemporaries and biographers will not attain it; nor will an interpretation of his reputed sayings and writings in the light of this compromise, with gaps supplied by guess-work, and with motives judged largely by those attributed to him,—or in any case judged ultimately in the light of one's own individual knowledge, experience, and degree of "soul-development"—help very much further towards a truly correct appreciation of the whole man. History is indeed, as Carlyle said, "the essence of innumerable biographies"; but who can hope to know the true and inward biographies of the past, when the people around us, and the events they bring about, are so little understood? Especially is this true of those who have attained occult stature, and who can only be recognized at all as such, by an inferior, in so far as they choose to reveal themselves. "How do you know . . . ", asks Master K. H. in the *Occult World*, countering with another, a question about members of the Fraternity who are supposed to have made no mark on the history of the world. "Are you acquainted with their efforts, successes, and failures? Have you any dock upon which to arraign them? How could your world collect proofs of the doings of men who have sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The prime condition of their success was that they should never be supervised or obstructed. What they have done they know; all that those outside their circle could perceive was results, the causes of which were masked from view. . . . There never was a time within or before the so-called historical period when our predecessors were not moulding events and 'making history', the facts of which were subsequently and invariably distorted by historians to suit contemporary prejudices." In the light of these suggestions, it becomes obvious that the attitude of mind in the West, and its scientific and scholarly methods, are almost wholly wanting in the training necessary to prepare a man really "to know",—and this is, therefore, no easy lesson for the educated Westerner to learn. Compare, by way of contrast, the familiar and highly esteemed critical and judgmatical attitude of the modern scholar with the following, written by T. Subba Row in a letter to H. P. B. in 1882. "A student of the Occult Science generally realizes the truth of his Guru's teaching by actual *perception*, and not by assuring himself that his Guru's *reasoning* is correct. But now, Madam, the attitude of the student and the enquirer is altogether different. Every proposition, however plain it may be, must be supported by reasons thrown into the proper syllogistic form before it can be accepted by those who are supposed to have received the so-called liberal education. If a Guru for instance, were to tell his disciple that he should not commit murder or theft, the disciple is sure to turn round and ask him 'Well sir, what are your reasons for saying so'. Such is the attitude of modern mind, and you can see that it is so from Bentham's works."[9] Another, and

[9] *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, with an Introduction by A. T. Barker, pp. 319–320.

higher authority, writes: " . . . our *Knowledge* and *Science* cannot be pursued altogether on the Baconian methods. . . . he who will not find our truths in his soul and within himself—has poor chances of success in Occultism."[10]

Knowledge, therefore, must be within oneself before one can hope to know and understand outer things. The compilation of endless "facts" about the life of Ramon Lull,—for example, even the recovery of his private correspondence or diary—would not, nor could they, reveal the inward man. We have the original signed *procès-verbal* of Jeanne d'Arc's trial at Rouen, with several certified manuscript copies of it, together with the sworn testimony of her friends and companions about her at the Rehabilitation Trial, which has rightly been characterized as affording a unique body of evidence about a great historic personage; but what do we actually know, to-day, about the real Jeanne d'Arc, of what she really thought and felt and *experienced* during her trial, of who she really was, and *is?* And if mere grubbing among the outer husks of people's lives—the so-called "facts" of history—is utterly inadequate, so also would a psychic discover (in time) that he too, despite his superior gifts, would be equally unable to search out the truth. If he should, for example, seek out Lull to-day, the chances are that if he met with him, that individual would (on one plane) assure him that he *was* an adept, yes, a *great* adept, a reincarnation of Origen, and also of the renowned Chinese sage Foo La La, etc.; while (on another plane) he would be told more or less what a certain brother Johannes told the psychic investigators of ancient Glastonbury about himself: "It is I, and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past and is bound to that which my *carnal* soul loved and called 'home' these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye *better* parte doeth other things—Laus, Laus Deo!—*only* that parte which remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet."[11]

In sum, therefore, the only true knowledge is the knowledge of Masters; the only insight and understanding are the insight and understanding of Masters; and the only way to know is to learn of Masters. Since prejudice, preconception, fixed ideas, intellectual laziness and conceit, ignorance, and lack of experience are all barriers, and all must be overcome, an open and eager mind is indispensable before intuitive perception can become possible. A man brings to the investigation of any problem what he is,—no more, no less.

To return to Ramon Lull,—once one is willing to open the mind to the truth, through whatever channels it may be presented, and to embrace with "sympathy" the idea that Lull was an adept and an alchemist, "steeping ourselves in his spirit and his distinctive form", we may find much to enlighten us. It would not only be foolish to believe, but it would be equally unwise

[10] *The Mahatma Letters*, 1924, p. 355; signed K. H.

[11] Or, in other words, the Kama-lokic, carnal entity of Br. John clung to the memories and places he had loved while incarnate, but knew also that he was of "many partes", and the "better parte" had, praised, praised be God, gone aloft to do other, and wiser, things, thereby escaping the psychic's ken, or consciousness, and so remaining safely screened from prying investigation. *The Gate of Remembrance*, Frederick Bligh Bond, 2nd. ed., Oxford, 1918, p. 95; italics ours.

to disregard, all the "wild stories" about him; and a few of them seem to be but thinly veiled allegories, conveying a higher truth in almost unmistakable terms to anyone with "ears to hear". As these are not even mentioned by Professor Peers, and are of special interest in the light of Madame Blavatsky's suggestion, a few of them may be included here to offset, as it were, a purely orthodox or materialistic conception. For instance, in addition to what has been said above, we find Lull placed along with Roger Bacon, Pico della Mirandola and others, as an Alchemist, in a Rosicrucian book entitled *A Suggestive Inquiry Concerning the Hermetic Mystery*, "which appeared in 1850, but was shortly afterwards withdrawn from circulation." The following quotation is not without significance: "The ancients were not enlightened on the *â priori* ground alone, but the same power of Wisdom was confirmed in many surpassing effects of spiritual chemistry, and in the asserted miracle of the Philosopher's Stone. With this theosophic doctrine of Wisdom the tradition of Alchemy runs hand in hand. It was this which inspired Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, Roger Bacon, the fiery Lully, Ficinus, Picus de Mirandola, Spinoza, Reuchlin, Cornelius Agrippa, and all the subsequent Paracelsian school. It was this which, under another title, Plato celebrates as the most efficacious of all arts, calling it Theurgy and the worship of the gods; this Pythagoras practised in his school, and the Chaldaic Oracles openly proclaim, announcing the efficacy of material rites in procuring divine assimilation; these the Alexandrian Platonists continuously pursued in their Mysteries, which Proclus, Plotinus, Jamblicus and Synesius have explained in their records, tracing the same to the most remote antiquity in Egypt, as being the prime source and sanctuary of the Hermetic Art."[12]

It will be seen that here, before Madame Blavatsky's time, "the fiery Lully" is placed in goodly company, and is linked, according to a Rosicrucian tradition, in a chain of splendid associates.

Since the present article is in no way a biography of Lull, nor a systematic attempt to vindicate him, the following quotations and extracts will be given on their merits, leaving it to the reader to use his own intuition, if that be necessary, in making as much or little of them as he likes in relation to what the *Glossary* suggests.

In a Masonic book of high reputation and enormous erudition, we find the following: "Raymond Lulle has said that, to make gold, we must first have gold. Nothing is made out of nothing; we do not absolutely *create* wealth; we increase and multiply it. Let aspirants to science well understand, then, that neither juggler's tricks nor miracles are to be asked of the adept. The Hermetic science, like all the *real* sciences, is mathematically demonstrable. Its results, even material, are as rigorous as that of a correct equation."[13]

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[12] Quoted in *The Concise History of Freemasonry*, by Robert Freke Gould, new ed., New York, 1924, pp. 94–95.

[13] *Morals and Dogma*, by Albert Pike; new ed. Charleston, 1927, p. 777. Cf. the first sentence with that quoted above: "He who will not find our truths in his soul and within himself—has poor chances of success in Occultism."

Lull seems to figure in the traditions of many Masonic historic books, but on one recorded occasion with perhaps special significance. At the great Masonic Convention of Paris, in 1785, Baron de Gleichen affirmed: "(1) that the Rosicrucians claim to be the Superiors and Founders of Freemasonry; (2) that they explain all its emblems Hermetically; (3) that it was brought in their hypothesis to England during the reign of King Arthur; (4) that Raymund Lully initiated Henry IV, King of England; (5) that the Grand Masters of the Order—then as now—were designated by the titles of John I, II, III and so onward; (6) that the jewel was a golden compass suspended on a white ribbon, as a symbol of purity and wisdom; (7) that the emblems of the 'floor-cloth', or Tracing Board in modern parlance, included Sun, Moon and Double Triangle, with an *Aleph* placed in the centre; (8) that the grades at this period were three in number; and (9) that the Master-Grade, as practised now among us, is the shadow of something which was then of great significance."[14]

Now this Masonic Convention in Paris was one of unusual importance, and is directly linked with our own Movement. It began its sessions on the 15th of February, and among the large number of members—"Princes (Russian, Austrian, and others), fathers of the Church, councillors, knights, financiers, barristers, barons, Theosophists, canons, colonels, professors of magic" etc.—were "M. le Comte de Cagliostro, and Mesmer, 'the inventor of the doctrine of magnetism'".[15] Mesmer, Cagliostro, and Saint Germain made an effort to bring Masonry into touch with the Lodge. Baron de Gleichen was in consultation with Cagliostro, and his reference to Lull as one in a position to initiate a King of England is not without significance.

A final quotation, this time one of the "wild stories" about Lull, and our brief summary must close. Éliphas Lévi devotes a chapter to Ramon Lull in his *Histoire de la Haute Magie*,[16] and there speaks of him as a "philosopher and adept . . . who deserved the title of illuminated doctor", and as one who "reclaimed the heritage of Solomon for that Saviour Who was the Son of David." All students know the consideration Éliphas Lévi received from Madame Blavatsky, and we read elsewhere: "Éliphas studied from the Rosicrucian MSS. (now reduced to three copies in Europe). These expound our eastern doctrines from the teachings of Rosencrauz, who, upon his return from Asia dressed them up in a semi-Christian garb intended as a shield for his pupils, against clerical revenge. One must have the key to it and that key is a science *per se*. Rosencrauz taught orally. Saint Germain recorded the good doctrines in figures and his only exciphered MS. remained with his staunch friend and patron the benevolent German Prince from whose house and in whose presence he made his last exit—*Home*. Failure, dead failure!

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[14] *The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*, by A. E. Waite, London, 1924, pp. 445–6, note. It would require a separate article to develop all that might be said about this suggestive passage.

[15] Cf. Thory, *Acta Latomorum*, ii, p. 95, quoted in *The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*, p. 95, ed. by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, IX°, London, 1877.

[16] Translated by A. E. Waite, *The History of Magic*, London, 1913; V, iii, pp. 319 ff.

Speaking of 'figures' and 'numbers' Éliphas addresses those who know something of the Pythagorean doctrines."[17]

Éliphas Lévi gives a story of Lull which appears in Professor Peers' book in its "simplest form, stripped of the adornments, added by later biographers, which only disfigure (its) outline" (p. 17). Again, the reader may form his own judgment. In foot-notes to his translation, Mr. Waite writes that: "The romantic history of Raymund Lully on which Éliphas Lévi worked was written by Jean Marie de Vernon . . . it has been decorated and dramatized by Éliphas Lévi, who has done his work admirably." The story follows:

> On a certain Sunday, in the year 1250, a beautiful and accomplished lady, named Ambrosia di Castello, originally of Genoa, went, as she was accustomed, to hear mass in the church of Palma, a town in the island of Majorca. A mounted cavalier of distinguished appearance and richly dressed, who was passing at the time in the street, noticed the lady and pulled up as one thunderstruck. She entered the church, quickly disappearing in the shadow of the great porch. The cavalier, quite unconscious of what he did, spurred his horse and rode after her into the midst of the affrighted worshippers. Great was the astonishment and scandal. The cavalier was well known; he was the Seigneur Raymund Lully, Seneschal of the Isles and Mayor of the Palace. He had a wife and three children, while Ambrosia di Castello was also married and enjoyed, moreover, an irreproachable reputation. Raymund Lully passed therefore for a great libertine. His equestrian entrance into the church of Palma was noised over the whole town, and Ambrosia, in the greatest confusion, sought the advice of her husband. He was apparently a man of sense, and he did not consider his wife insulted because her beauty had turned the head of a young and brilliant nobleman. He proposed that Ambrosia should cure her admirer by a folly as grotesque as his own. Meanwhile, Raymund Lully had written already to the lady, to excuse, or rather to accuse himself still further. What had prompted him, he said, was "strange, supernatural, irresistible." He respected her honour and the affections which, he knew, belonged to another; but he had been overwhelmed. He felt that his imprudence required for its expiation high self-devotion, great sacrifices, miracles to be accomplished, the penitence of a Stylite and the feats of a knight-errant.
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> Ambrosia answered: "To respond adequately to a love which you term supernatural would require an immortal existence. . . . It is said that there is an elixir of life; seek to discover it, and when you are certain that you have succeeded, come and see me. Till then, live for your wife and your children, as I also will live for the husband whom I love; and if you meet me in the street make no sign of recognition."
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> It was evidently a gracious *congé*, which put off her lover till Doomsday; but he refused to understand it as such, and from that day forth the brilliant noble disappeared to make room for the grave and thoughtful alchemist. Don Juan had become Faust. Many years passed away; the wife of Raymund Lully died; Ambrosia di Castello in her turn became a widow; but the alchemist appeared to have forgotten her and to be absorbed only in his sublime work. . . .

[17] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, pp. 280–281; letter of August 5, 1881, signed K. H.

At length one day, Raymund, having obtained and drunk the elixir of life, seeks out Ambrosia, and offers to share the draught with her. A highly dramatic scene follows, in which the white-haired Ambrosia bares her bosom, and discovers a hideous cancer,—asking piteously, "Is it this which you wish to immortalize?" Lully thereupon casts down the phial, which is broken on the ground, and goes away weeping. "Some months after, a monk of the Order of St. Francis assisted Ambrosia di Castello in her last moments. This monk was the alchemist, Raymund Lully. . . . He betook himself to prayer, and devoted his existence to good works. . . . One day the Tree of Knowledge was shown to him, laden with its luminous fruits; he understood being and its harmonies; he divined the Kabalah; he established the foundations and sketched the plan of an universal science, from which time he was saluted as the illuminated doctor."

Éliphas Lévi concludes his account with the following interesting paragraph.

> The design of Raymund Lully was to set the Christian Kabalah against the fatalistic *magia* of the Arabs, Egyptian traditions against those of India, the Magic of Light against Black Magic. He testified that, in the last days, the doctrines of Antichrist would be a materialised realism and that there would be a recrudescence of all the monstrosities of evil Magic. Hence he sought to prepare minds for the return of Enoch[18], or otherwise for the final revelation of that science, the key of which is in the hieroglyphical alphabets of Enoch. This harmonising light of reason and faith is to precede the Messianic and universal reign of Christianity on earth. So was Lully a great prophet for true Kabalists and seers, while for sceptics who at least can respect exalted characters and noble aspirations, he was a sublime dreamer.

Verily, "The degree of diligence and zeal with which the hidden meaning is sought by the student, is generally the test—how far he is entitled to the possession of the sc buried treasure."[19]

P.

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[18] "Enoch and Hermes are one, as you know. And Hermes is Mercury or Buddha, etc., etc.!" *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 260.

[19] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 279; letter of March 3rd, 1882, signed K. H.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder announced that a Christmas meditation, written by Cavé, and contained in a letter to a mutual friend, had impressed him as of such lasting value that he had asked and obtained permission to print it in the "Screen". He then read as follows:

"Christmas—divine, heart-searching Christmas—when from the cold stable at Bethlehem our gaze must travel to the uplifted cross on Calvary, and we be forced to realize the hideousness of sin and what it entails. Consider its marvellous silence, its austere poverty, its darkness, suffused with star-light and angelic melody! It opens the mystery, ever old and ever new, of the hidden eucharistic life; God made manifest in the flesh,—O mystery of mysteries, in your flesh and in mine.

"Yet we lose this,—lose the message of the blessed Babe and his mother in the din and worldliness of our pagan observation of the time: the planning, the shopping, the making up and opening of parcels; greetings and notes received and sent; flowers, telegrams, routs and parties, feasting and merriment, justifying it to ourselves by the guise of mutual kindliness and good will, and so using our noblest instincts to keep us from the One Reality. Every Christmas of our lives has been an opportunity, an invitation, to enter upon the Way; an opportunity lost, if we have not seen and grasped it in this inner spirit, I care not how many charities we have endowed,—we who are for ever giving in charity, in our own names, not in Christ's.

"Ah! could we only spend our Christmas at Bethlehem with the Holy Family, with the simple shepherds, with the Wise Men, brooding on their gifts, how much we should come to understand. Kneeling by the manger, we should look into the eyes of the divine Child and be pierced through with their radiance of purity and sacrifice and love; we should contemplate his mother, virgin and beautiful,—eternal symbol of discipleship, since, 'spouse of the Holy Ghost', she brought forth and made manifest in her flesh, Christ, the Lord. Such a Christmas would sanctify us; we too should become Marys; and all the year that followed would be flooded with the glory of it. Then our charity would be as boundless as the ocean of God's mercy, and our deeds of kindness sown like the stars in the firmament of heaven. God grant us such a Christmas in the years to come . . ."

"I like that," remarked one of our Visitors. "Was it written by a member of your Society?"

"It was", the Recorder answered.

"It evidently does not interpret Christmas in the stereotyped, orthodox way. Quite original, I should think."

"Far from original, except of course in form; for the writer was interpreting

Christian symbolism in the light of Theosophy, the old Wisdom Religion, which is the source of all the great religions of the world, and of all true symbols."

"The old Wisdom Religion: where did that come from?"

"From an immemorial past; from periods of evolution long preceding our own, the fruits of which were preserved for us by the Elder Brothers of mankind,—by those who had achieved wisdom and understanding and power before our world came into being,—by those at the head of the Lodge of Masters, which guides the Theosophical Movement throughout the ages, and which founds new religions at long intervals of time in an unceasing effort to remind first one race and then another, of 'the things that belong unto' their peace,—the truth about man's origin and destiny and divine possibilities."

"Do you mean that the great religions of the world—Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism—are a *true* expression of the ancient Wisdom of which you speak?"

"Too often, a dreadfully perverted expression", the Recorder answered. "You should remember the saying that it takes two people to tell the truth: one to speak it and one to hear it. Christianity, as understood to-day, is in many respects a travesty of Christ's teaching; Hinduism has been degraded by its followers to an even greater extent. There are exceptions always and everywhere, but the perversity with which Hindus have twisted black magic out of their scriptures is only paralleled by that of so-called Christians who have extracted dogmas of infallibility, of peace-at-any-price, and other materialistic interpretations, out of the warrior mysticism of their Master, Jesus. Fortunately, the early symbols have been preserved, as in the case of 'the Virgin Birth', so that those who, thanks to Theosophy, have recovered the key, can still find, behind the veil, the true and eternal significance. Masonry illustrates what has happened: the symbols have been preserved, but no one, unless a student, not only of Theosophy, but of esoteric Theosophy, can possibly discover their original meaning. Some ethical meaning, almost anyone can see; a 'nature-myth' explanation will satisfy the less intelligent and the merely bookish; but for the interpretation which points the way to immortal life and immortal consciousness, nothing short of Theosophy will serve. The Christmas meditation I have read, gives the exoteric, and suggests the esoteric possibilities in a Christian and yet—as always—universal symbol."

"From your standpoint, then, the preservation of symbols is of real importance?"

"Undoubtedly, when they are symbols of everlasting truths,—symbols such as the Cross, the Caduceus, the Swastica, the 'house not made with hands' of Paul the Initiate, and many others."

"May it be, then, that the instinct of the Bolshevists in Russia to destroy religious symbols, is, in a perverted sense, sound? I cannot believe, though, that they will really succeed in abolishing religion."

"I think it depends upon what you mean by 'religion'. It is unfortunately

rather easy to change the polarity of unreasoning emotions. 'Can the Ethiopean change his skin, or the leopard his spots?' The answer is, no; but most Russians are children—very primitive children—and a child of that type can switch from a good to a bad emotion with amazing rapidity. Russians who used to worship Christ, or, rather, symbols of Christ, are now worshipping the Devil. They cannot escape from their own natures; they cannot change their 'spots', such as their fanaticism and their superstition; but they can, as a result of bad example and corrupting influence, allow their fanaticism and their superstition to be led into thoroughly evil channels. The ikons they used to worship, were symbols of spiritual truths, and would have led them ultimately, after ages of evolution, to some comprehension of what religion really means; but now, instead of worshipping symbols of Christ and his Saints, they worship Lenin, whose tomb is the centre of their 'religious' fervour, whose pictures have taken the place of their ikons, whose ideas, or, rather, whose promises, have taken the place of their very primitive theology, while the Soviet organization has taken the place of their Church. In other words, instead of worshipping symbols of spiritual truths, they now worship symbols of all that is material and untrue, evil and corrupt. Instead of saying, 'I believe in God the Father', they say, 'I believe in Down with the Bourgeoisie' —a negative creed at best, the fruit of hatred, not of love, and therefore inherently self-destructive, as they must necessarily experience in the course of time. The situation becomes entirely simple if, instead of confusing it with words, whether economic or philosophic, the survivors of the Russian people be recognized for what they are, namely, undeveloped and emotional children, most of whom used to be well-behaved, but who have been led astray by the worst among them into paths that lead straight to Hell. They have become detestable, and cannot possibly be brought to their senses except as the result of acute and prolonged suffering. If their docility and obedience of past centuries laid up for them a sufficient store of 'merit', of good Karma, it may be that starvation will come to their rescue. The trouble then will be that the multitude of idiots in America and Europe will want to feed them! However, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"You said a few minutes ago that the great religions of the world were founded by the Lodge of Masters. Do you mean that Masters founded the existing Churches, such as the Buddhist, or the early Christian Church?"

"No: please distinguish between Buddhism and the Buddhist Church; between the religion preached by Christ and the Churches which claim to represent it. No Avatar founded a Church; they founded Orders of Disciples. The Buddhist scriptures invariably use the term 'Order'; the Christian scriptures, as they have come down to us, leave much to be inferred,—and with good reason."

"I should like to go back to what you were saying about Bolshevism", the Historian interjected at this point. "Gustave Le Bon, in *The Psychology of Peoples*, says that 'the mental constitution [of race or nation] possesses fundamental characteristics as immutable as the anatomical characteristics of animal

species, but it also possesses accessory characteristics that are easily modified. It is these latter characteristics that may easily be changed by environment, circumstances, education and various other factors.' We owe a great deal to Le Bon for his constructive and original thinking; but I wish, for all our sakes, that he might have thought and worked with a knowledge of Theosophy to help him: he would have made such splendid use of it. I am thinking especially of what you said about 'the change of polarity of unreasoning emotions'. Fundamentals do not change, but their mode of expression can appear to change radically. The Russians, for instance, were induced to rebel against an autocratic government. Their rebellion culminated under the leadership of Lenin and Trotsky, who promised unlimited freedom to all who followed them. What is the result? Most Russians, as you said, by nature are children, and very primitive children, whose deepest need is a good father and mother—not to speak of a good nurse—to govern them. Rebelling against their natural superiors—thinking they could change their spots—all they could do really was to change the name of their spots. At no time in their history have they possessed less freedom than to-day—indeed I doubt if the world has ever before witnessed such tyranny; but their present servitude they call Bolshevism, while they used to hear their former servitude called Autocracy (there were English and American politicians who never tired of this description, for local and declamatory purposes). For a brief interval, therefore, they are able to persuade themselves that a new name for a thing, makes the thing different. That is child nature. A child can take a pillow and call it a baby and nurse it as a baby; but I have yet to learn that a pillow ceases to be a pillow on that account. Unfortunately, that is only the pleasant side of the picture, for, not content with changing the names of things (a harmless amusement if it go no further), the Russians, in a frenzy of self-assertion, murdered their 'little father', and now, instead of Nicholas, have Stalin; they got rid of a very good man, and acquired a very bad one,—which is just what the Karma of murder is likely to lead to: they are in process of reaping what they sowed,—not the first people who preferred Barabbas, and perhaps not the last.

"They have reversed the polarity of things. A child, good at one time, is bad at another: he remains, in one sense, the same child, but is manifesting different poles of his nature, and needs a firm parent to suppress the bad and to encourage the good. It is a question of moods, and the good moods have to be made as nearly as possible permanent. Docility of a certain kind—the negative variety—can easily be transformed into violent self-assertion. Both at the time and with a view to their future development, it was certainly better for the Russians to worship their ikons, than to worship Lenin, matter, free-love, and their own unwashed and unspeakably vile selves."

"I thought that Madame Blavatsky was a Russian," our Visitor suggested demurely.

"She was", the Historian replied. "There have been many great and good Russians. I admit, however, that, knowing my immense admiration for her,

you have a right to be puzzled,—though an understanding of Theosophy would solve your problem. I have suggested that the opposite pole of negative docility, *on its own plane*, is self-will, or self-assertion; that they are different aspects of the same thing. The present leaders of Russia represent the self-will pole of a negatively docile, or slavish, nature,—represent the aggressive, brutally selfish element in the national character, some of it native, reinforced by much that is imported [*vide supra*, under Barabbas]. If you will think of those two poles as the two base angles of a triangle, you will perhaps see that the spiritual quality, forming the apex of the triangle, of which the two extremes of the base are a perversion, is positive docility, or, better, self-surrender through love, which is the condition H.P.B. attained through self-conquest and her consuming love of Masters. She surrendered her self-will—very strong in her as a girl—and, for love of the Masters and their Cause, transformed it into power.

"If you find any difficulty in seeing that self-will must be the polar opposite of slavery, al you need do is to ask yourself what happens to the self-willed person who fails to transmute the lower into the higher, for clearly he becomes the slave of his elementals, that is, the slave of his habits and of the instincts he has indulged. Setting out to be his own master, Nature catches him in the trap of his own objective: he *thinks* he is getting his own way, while actually he is being used by the enemies of the only reality in him,—his soul. He becomes at last so completely merged with his lower nature, that he cannot tell the difference between it and God,—denying that there can be anything more real than himself, in some cases in terms of atheism, by denying the existence of God; in other cases, by mentally identifying any desire of his as necessarily the voice of God within him."

"There are those, even in America, who would assert that men in Soviet Russia are ideally free, and who would scoff at your statement that they are not."

"I am aware of it", said the Historian, "but facts are facts. The principal correspondent of the *New York Times* in Russia, who appears to be by no means unfriendly to the Soviet régime, declared in a recent despatch that in competition with the rest of Europe and with America, 'Soviet success is no less probable than Soviet failure', *because*, in Russia, manufactured goods 'represent nothing more than products of the soil and human labor, both of which are, so to speak, State property in Russia.' Could anything be more explicit?"

"You are not suggesting, I suppose", the Student interjected, "that Bolshevism is confined to Russia."

"Certainly not. The spirit of Bolshevism is rampant everywhere, sometimes as a result of the active propaganda carried on by the Russian Soviet, sometimes as an expression of the inherent self-assertion of mankind, and of the present tendency (a reaction following the Great War) to throw over 'the ancient landmarks'. Bolshevism has nearly destroyed China, and would have destroyed India years ago if British troops had not maintained order."

"Pardon me for interrupting you", said the Philosopher, "but I happened to read something the other day which bears directly upon your last statement. I received a copy of a Review published in India, and edited by a Hindu. Glancing at the editor's 'Notes of the Month', I found this: 'The overwhelming advantage of occultism at the present time is that it keeps the Indian and the Westerner alike from politics, the latter a game only for the black magicians who are failures even in black magic.' It is but fair to assume that the writer bases his opinion on observation and experience. One need only look at Gandhi's portrait to see the significance of the paragraph I have quoted. A face such as that is a revelation of craft and of evil,—the psychic brother of the Soviet leaders."

"It seems to me", said the Philosopher, "that while it is helpful to recognize and to understand the evils of Bolshevism as it exists in Russia and elsewhere, the best way to fight it is to crush any traces of it which we may find in ourselves—that spirit of rebellion which is 'as the sin of witchcraft'—and then to do what we can to uproot it in our immediate environment. A man's unwillingness to recognize anything or anyone as superior to himself, strikes me as of the essence of Bolshevism,—and many men are like that. Among other types, there are people who are colour-blind in matters of morals and honour, and whose self-satisfaction is so deeply entrenched that they refuse to recognize their defect, in spite of the protests and warnings of their friends. In some cases they admit, in a general way, that their friends must be right, —making this general admission in order to protect themselves, in their own imaginations, from the charge of arrogance and conceit; but the admission is meaningless, because they do not act upon it, continuing throughout their lives to call red, green, and blue, yellow, and going down to their graves as blind as when they were born. The truth is that all of us are colour-blind in certain directions: all *learning* implies previous ignorance or misunderstanding, and the main difference between a fool and a man of sense is that the latter knows he has blind spots and is eager to learn, while the former, in spite of general admissions, always tries to prove that he knows, when his ignorance is pointed out to him. The extreme type, if I were speaking to him, would counter this statement, in his own mind if not in words, with the thought of his own eagerness to learn as demonstrated on many past occasions,—unable because unwilling to see that he desires to learn only when, by learning, he can make himself more important in his own eyes or in the eyes of other people.

"It is not difficult to imagine such a person, and that you are obliged at last to tell him, perhaps, that he has not a rag of honour in his make-up. The type I am describing will listen to such a statement with mingled wonder and regret,—regret that anyone can so far fail to appreciate his real merits. If argumentative as well as blind, he may meet you with the question: how can you prove it? The answer must be that you cannot prove it,—to him, any more than you could prove to the blind the difference between colours; but you know that all his friends would tell him what you have told him, if their friendship were strong enough to make the sacrifice (for to tell the truth so

bluntly is not agreeable), and that, if his conceit should be sufficient to reject their united testimony, the fruits of his own life ought to convince him, just as a colour-blind person ought to be convinced if a train finally chops off his legs as the result of his obstinate self-complacency in taking red for some other colour. Admitting, as that type of person may be compelled to admit if he has lived long enough, that he has wrecked his life and his home; that he has nearly broken the hearts of the people who love him; that he is (still on general principles) a miserable sinner, vain and self-willed and so forth and so forth,—it may remain painfully evident that, while deeply sorry for himself, with a hazy notion that some of the things you have said to him sounded logical, he is as far as ever from applying those things practically to himself, and that he clings especially to his rightness at the point of specific attack, convinced to the bone that even if his sense of honour had cracked under him at times, it is none the less considerably above the average in texture and quality.

"In that case,—try again. He will have thought, probably, that annoyance, exasperation, or even a well-intentioned though misdirected desire to help him to see, had led you to exaggerate, with the result that he has discounted your statements, believing that what you really meant was that his sense of honour is slightly deficient, not, of course, extinct. I am assuming, however, that you meant literally what you said, and that therefore you will feel it your duty to repeat your original statement, and then, as he may by now be genuinely puzzled, will do your utmost to explain to him the rationale of the condition to which he has brought himself. You will explain that, by using all things, his sense of honour included, for his own ends and for self-gratification, he has changed the polarity of whatever virtues he may at one time have possessed, turning each one of them into a thing of evil. To illustrate this, you may ask him to think of certain by no means uncommon marriages, and their results. Granting that 'true marriages are made in heaven', the outcome of most ordinary marriages proves that 'love' was not the right word to use when describing the impulse or emotion which brought them about. You will be justified in picturing a man whose reputation is not that of a hopeless idiot, but who plans to marry an empty-headed, fluffy-haired, pop-eyed doll—pretty in his eyes, and, in effect, irresistible; you may ask your self-satisfied acquaintance to imagine himself as the other man's friend, and as going to him with the warning,—'You do not *love* her in the least; you are unconsciously profaning the word; the true word for your infatuation is very different'. The victim, in all probability, would not only persist in his determination to marry her, but would be quite indignant at the characterization of his feelings: he would be all aglow with what *he* would describe as 'love'. Suppose that the usual result followed, and that in six months or less the man and the girl are heartily sick of one another, and that he gets rid of her, and then repeats the performance with number two, and again perhaps with number three: is it not obvious that he will become more and more rooted in the belief that his low feelings are 'all there is to it', and that he knows as much about 'love' as any man? Exactly the same thing is true of

honour, honesty, loyalty, generosity, and all the nobler sentiments of which man is capable. When he uses such sentiments to exalt himself in his own eyes or in the eyes of others—uses them in any way for his own gratification or profit—he changes their polarity, turning honour into dishonour, honesty into dishonesty, loyalty into treachery, generosity into self-glorification, and will be as blind to his own condition as the detestable creature who thinks he knows all there is to be known of 'love'. How *can* you save such a man if, in addition to his other faults, he adds the fault of the Pharisee,—self-righteousness? He is blind, and will not believe it; he has made himself blind, and likes it, because it enables him to see himself in terms that flatter him and that add to his sense of superiority and importance."

"Do you mean that such a man is doomed? Do you believe in everlasting damnation?" It was our Visitor who asked this double-barrelled question.

"Yes, I think he is doomed, so long as self-righteousness has him by the throat. Yet, he may decide at last—though perhaps only after he has lost his arms as well as his legs—to do as the colour-blind man should and might have done from the start: throw up his astral hands, and beg his friends to instruct him in the rudiments of right thought, right feeling, right behaviour. In the very nature of things, if he will do that humbly, gladly, gratefully, he is not doomed, but is almost certain to be able to learn. The surrender must be complete, however. It is most unlikely to be made without a prolonged struggle—a daily and hourly struggle—especially if the habits of self-assertion and self-satisfaction have been indulged for many years. The loss of both legs—to repeat my analogy—may bring him to the point of *wishing* to surrender, but, as a rule, there is a long and weary road to be travelled before the wish to stop even a physical, outer habit—say, for instance, pulling one's ears—can be realized; and a mental-emotional habit is far more difficult to conquer."

"You said, 'as a rule'; are there exceptions?"

"Certainly; for if realization be sufficiently vivid, any kind of habit, inner or outer, can be stopped in a moment. Suppose you commit a social solecism —something raw and crude; suppose you are told of it, and feel deeply humiliated and ashamed: the probability is that you will never do that particular thing again. Your pride and vanity will help you. Clearly, however, everything will depend upon the intensity of your feeling, and the vividness with which you see, in memory and imagination, the character and effect of the solecism you committed. It is exactly the same in the spiritual life: we could turn from the evils of our lower nature in a moment of time, if, on the one hand, we were able to see those evils for what they are, and, on the other, were able to see and love their opposites in the real world. The truth is, our sense of time is misleading; it is a concept based upon material things. Intensity of realization is the only true measure of experience; and life is experience, not time. Suppose a man were to spend his life with his attention fixed on a clock, watching the hours pass until he died: would it make any difference if he lived to be fifty or a hundred? He would not know the difference, except in terms of number.

"That contains the answer to your question about everlasting damnation: there is no such thing in terms of time; there may be, in terms of consciousness, of feeling, of realization."

"Why is it that the sinner finds it so painful, so depressing, and so 'weakening,' to think about his sins? And, unless he thinks about them, how can he vividly recognize their nature?" This time it was the Student who asked the question.

"My answer", the Philosopher replied, "would be that the sinner of long standing—I do not think that what you say is true of a momentary fall—has put so much of himself into his sins, that he has lost consciousness on the plane from which alone he can look down upon them. What he calls 'detachment' (supposing he knows the word), instead of an indrawal to a higher plane from which he sees evil with appalling and almost overwhelming clarity, is merely a withdrawal, on the plane of the sin, to some other corner of himself, in which his mind argues about what he has done, in some cases as if the thing had happened on the moon, in a collision between spiders (that is a case of hardening); in other cases, in the mood of a whimpering puppy, in process of being house-broken, the objective proof of whose misconduct is being pointed out to him. I wish I could think of a better analogy, because the human sinner, who has lived with his sins until he has made them part of himself, is likely to feel instinctively and, in a sense, correctly, that his personality might disappear if he were to look too closely or too clearly at them,—and then what and where would *he* be! We must assume that as yet his recognition of a higher and better level of human activity, whether inner or outer, is very vague, and that he feels rather as if he were being made to jump from solid earth onto a cloud, with a frightening sense that he will certainly drop through as he touches it.

"The upshot of it is that the universe was not constructed on the theory of private and individual salvation; that we are dependent upon one another for light—upon our fellows and betters; and that, among the blind, the one-eyed is King. The fool, of course, will cling to his independence to the last: even the Pharisee deigned to acknowledge the existence of a God, with whom he established a private and privileged relation, and whose standards the Pharisee took care to conform to his own. That is easy. Anyone can create direct relations, either with God or with a Master, guaranteed in advance to pat him on the back whenever he feels the need of a little moral support. An active and self-complacent fancy will supply that sort of inner reinforcement at any moment. The trouble is that while the effect of this seems real and is immediately stimulating, it is in truth of the stuff of dreams. Is a Master likely to help a man who is colour-blind and who has rejected the warnings of all his friends? I should say not! We must use the help within reach, and use it to the utmost, if we would earn the privilege of inner light and guidance. The man who thinks he can skip his Catechism and similar 'childish preliminaries', and can dance his way into the hearing and presence of Masters,—is very much mistaken. The Catechism of almost any Church would not be a bad

start. One of them says: 'To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters'—and heaven help us if we think we have none, for certainly Masters will not. Masters have very little use for Bolshevists, and the essence of Bolshevism, as the Historian suggested, is self-assertion, with the setting up of the personality as the supreme judge of its own conduct. Even in the Theosophical Movement, in spite of Theosophy, there have been devotees who are doomed to reincarnate among the camp-followers of Lenin,—Heaven help them."

"I am glad you spoke of Catechisms," the Engineer commented. "They really contain a lot of sense, and, if properly taught in our elementary schools, would do much to counteract some of the worst features of modern life. I happened to be present the other day at a service of Confirmation conducted by a Bishop. It was evident from the behaviour of the congregation that he was highly esteemed. That the Bishop appreciated this, was also clear. Although very tired, he insisted upon shaking hands with all the members of the choirs, and with everyone in the congregation, as they filed out, saying, 'God bless you', to each one of them. He stood there, in his Episcopal robes, acting, not as a private individual, but, in his own mind and heart, as a very humble representative of his Master, genuinely anxious to convey what he could of that Master's blessing. I am not a Churchman in the ordinary sense of the word; it would never enter my head to seek an Episcopal blessing; but I was struck by the total inability of those people, with few exceptions, to show deference, or even the respect which I am confident many of them felt. The small boys from the Parish School doubled up like jack-knives, which was admirable; the smaller girls curtsied very prettily; but the older boys and girls, who had become wage-earners, shook hands with the cordiality they might have shown to a playmate after a few months' absence, while the people of a better class—that is to say, those whose birth and training had given them greater advantages—showed at most a special friendliness, a touch, perhaps, of unusual regard,—but entirely without deference, without, in any case, the reverence which, according to the Catechism, we should show to all our betters, and which the French word, *révérence*, suggests is not merely an inner attitude, but an act.

"I imagine that the really modern person would not even know what I am talking about. He seems to find it impossible to conceive of, or to respect, a representative position as such. So I must try to explain. Take, for instance, an old woman of any class: must I not see in her some reminder—an 'outer and visible sign', as it were—of my own mother? Must not self-respect compel me to show her something of the reverence, the deferential protection, which I should wish to show to my mother if she were still alive? Do we not owe it to ourselves to honour and to venerate old age? It is, of course, by no means easy to do this if man or woman rejects the position which nature has assigned, preferring the part of giddy youth to the dignity which age confers. But I think of an old peasant-woman, bowed by years and toil and sorrow,

almost alone in the world, self-respecting, knowing her place, minding her own business, kindly, not embittered, wise from experience, not from books, and I see the younger generation pushing her about as if she were an encumbrance, —and I want to step in and slay them, or at least bang their heads together until they learn some decency and respect."

"I think I understand what you mean, and I think I agree with you", said our Visitor; "but would you apply the same principle to a representative of the Federal Government?"

"A principle always applies", the Engineer answered; "though it must be understood if it is to be applied properly. Old age was instituted, so to speak, by Nature; the Federal Government was constituted by man,—and some of us think he made a poor job of it at that. In any case, if a Bishop, instead of performing his proper functions, such as the supervision of the Parishes in his Diocese, were to usurp functions belonging to the civil authorities, or were to attempt to interfere in the management of my business, it would be my duty to treat him as a usurper and intruder, rather than as a Bishop. In the same way, if the Federal Government and its representatives, instead of confining Federal functions to the purposes defined in the Constitution, should have become bureaucratic, intrusive, domineering, and rapacious, and should have usurped functions which in no way pertain to them, it would be my duty to do everything in my power to put them back in their place, not merely for my own sake personally, but because it is part of my eternal duty—my duty to God, as some would say—to do what I can to maintain respect for order, and to make respect for law possible. So long as any law, such as the Income Tax law, involves an elaborate system of spying into the personal affairs of inoffensive citizens, respect for law is certain to disappear, with moral anarchy as a result."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed our Visitor, rather unexpectedly. Then he asked: "Practically, however, what would you have wished those people to do, as they shook hands with their Bishop?"

"I am grateful for your pronoun", the Engineer replied, "for *their* Bishop is an important factor in the problem. He was not the Bishop of some other denomination with which they had no connection. Those people were there voluntarily; they were not obliged to be there; they had selected that Church as their own, with the recognition, to some extent, of the doctrine of Apostolic succession. Even if some of them entertained mental reservations under that head, their membership in that Church involved an obligation to play the game according to the traditions of that Church, particularly on such occasions; otherwise they should leave it. Exactly the same is true of a social Club: suppose it has been the unwritten rule for years to maintain silence in the reading-room, what wretched taste, to put it mildly, for a member to violate that rule! Think, also, of the national flag,—a symbol of the nation's soul for which countless men have died,—the outer and visible sign of an ideal: do we not owe it to ourselves to show it reverence? Surely it stands for more than so much coloured material at so many cents a yard! Yet I have seen

it carried through the streets of New York in a military parade, with most onlookers staring without salutation or the least sign of respect. It was *their* flag, representative of their country; and although, in New York, many of those onlookers, if citizens at all, were probably citizens only by adoption, they might at least have remembered that they had 'joined the Club', and were bound in honour, therefore, to show gratitude to those whose sacrifice made its existence possible. The men should have raised their hats; the women (I know of no other method for them) should have stood as if 'at attention', facing the symbol of their own and their children's safety, intent on the best of the spirit which their flag represents. So with the Bishop: it seems to me that the men, as he shook hands with them, and wished them God's blessing, might have bowed with every show of reverence, as they would have bowed, I hope and believe, if they had met that tragic figure, the old Empress Eugénie; while, as to the women (I take my life in my hands), the few of them who made a slight curtsy seemed to me to be setting an example from which the majority might have profited."

"Good Heavens! The modern woman has never curtsied in her life; she doesn't know how."

"Then let her go to her grandmother, and find out. It's never too late to mend."

"You are certainly revolutionary!" our Visitor exclaimed.

"No", said the Engineer, "I have a hankering for civilization."

"By the way, you made a great point of deference to old women: when is a woman old?"

"I should say,—when she boasts of being eighty-five. But I did not intend to limit my suggestion to age in that sense; I meant that respect is due at all ages from the younger to the older, and from all men to all women. The greater the difference in age, the more marked should be the evidence of respect. It is charming, for instance, to see a young married woman curtsy to a woman of her own class who is a grandmother,—merely because she is a grandmother. But the thing is impossible unless it begins in the home, that is to say, unless a respectful manner to parents is made obligatory. Nowadays, so far as I can see, the aim of most *good* parents is to be friends with their children on equal terms, on the theory that their children will hide things from them on any other basis. An acquaintance told me not long ago that he had severely reproved his son of fourteen for staying at some party until four o'clock in the morning, but that when the boy had protested passionately that other parents allowed it, and that he could not treat his father as a friend if he were to be hampered so unreasonably,—he, my acquaintance, had realized quickly that he must 'go slow', for otherwise he would 'lose his boy', and that anything would be better than that. I felt inclined to suggest that he would have to catch his boy before he could possibly lose him. How *can* parents win the respect of their children if their inner attitude be a mixture of fear and idolatry! Yet parental devotion too often takes that form.

"To sum up, I think that Bolshevism begins in the nursery, and can best

be fought there,—although it can never be fought there properly until parents learn that they must obey if they would instil and inspire obedience. Too many people seek to command before they have learned to obey,—the result of which, in the nature of things, is anarchy."

"I do not understand", said our Visitor. "'Parents obey': whom, what? Do you mean the laws of the land? Are you thinking about Prohibition?"

"I am not", the Engineer replied. "I am speaking of obedience to the laws of God, or, as I should prefer to express it, to the Higher Self, to a man's own soul, and, in the case of a would-be disciple, of obedience to the will of his Master; a Quaker would say, obedience to the Inner Light. I am suggesting that, instead of following their own whims and caprices, their own impulses and desires, parents should set all these aside and *obey* the best and highest they can see, regardless of their personal convenience, preference, inclination."

"What is likely to be the chief topic at the Convention?" the Student now asked, turning to the Ancient; then, half apologetically, to our Visitors, he added: "The annual Convention of The Theosophical Society is to be held on April 26th. It is a great event, for us."

The Ancient paused. "I do not know," he said at last. "Our Conventions have never been cut-and-dried. Masters have their own way of emphasizing a need. Sometimes, out of all that is said, it is the delegates themselves who seize on a phrase, a sentence, as the 'message' of that Convention; and very often, I think, their intuition is right. Things are said without premeditation, as an over-welling of the united spirit of the Society, if not as an echo of what Great Ones are saying to us. From one standpoint, it does not matter what the topic is, so long as we leave the Convention with our souls on fire, and with a will of steel to do as we know we should do. The gates of the Lodge are opened, and it will be our fault if, as we lift up our hearts, the 'King of glory' does not enter in." T.

REVIEWS

The Sumerians, by C. Leonard Woolley, Oxford University Press, New York, 1929; $2.50.
History and Monuments of Ur, by C. J. Gadd; Chatto and Windus, 1929; 15*s*.

Both Professor Woolley and Mr. Gadd are well known in archæological work, Professor Woolley having, for many years, been associated with the excavations at Ur; Mr. Gadd being of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum; so that what they have to tell us about this most ancient city of the Chaldees, is of the deepest interest. These books may very profitably be read in close sequence, for while the subject matter in both is much the same, the approach to it differs not a little. Perhaps the average reader will do well to take *The Sumerians* first, since Professor Woolley presupposes a knowledge of his subject on the part of his reader, somewhat less than does Mr. Gadd. Professor Woolley tells us in a simple and direct way the story of that remote civilization which has never failed to make an appeal to the imagination of anyone interested in antiquity. To many people, Ur of the Chaldees has been chiefly associated with Abraham, but the history of Sumer, as it is now known, cleaves its way back through ages upon ages before the birth of the great Israelite, and the farther back we get, the more dazzling and magnificent the civilization becomes. "It is the paradox of the history of Ur," writes Mr. Gadd, "that it ends in grosser darkness than it begins." And again: ". . . the works of the earlier ages, as they successively become known, differ from their descendant counterparts nowise so much as in their higher excellence; it is as if men not only invented nothing more than they had at first from Oannes [he who "first brought civilization to mankind out of the sea"], but even missed some of the virtue, as they moved from the source, of their inspiration." This idea would surprise no student of Theosophy, who would remember the law of cycles, and who also might see in Oannes one of those "sacerdotal adepts" spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 203), who tarried "on their way to Asia Minor from India, the cradle of humanity, . . . to civilize and initiate a barbarian people,"—"the sea", in this case, meaning the Persian Gulf. For Berosus (third or fourth century B.C.), who must have had access to "excellent material at present unrecovered", relates how ". . . every day this being would converse" with the people, "until gradually they learnt from him all the things of civilization, . . . since which time, nothing more has been invented."

Pre-historic Sumerian chronology is divided into ante-diluvian and post-diluvian periods, the list of Kings being introduced by the impressive phrase, "The Kingship came down from heaven." The continuity of this Royal Line was, however, broken at the coming of the Flood, "when the gods in their anger had resolved to destroy mankind," but later, "after the deluge had spread ruin, Kingship came down (again) from heaven." These archaic statements are easily reconciled with all we are told in *The Secret Doctrine* about the Great Beings who ruled in Atlantis, and who carried the Divine Wisdom safely to other lands, when the last of that continent was submerged; and it must always be a matter of regret to students of Theosophy, that archæology has so much difficulty in accepting as statements of fact, many of the most ancient records, merely because these records bring back to us the memory of conditions which are little understood to-day,—the difficulty, for instance, which both Professor Woolley and Mr. Gadd find in admitting the possible truth of the vast periods of time, said to have been consumed by the reigns of a few Kings only. No student of Theosophy would feel a longevity, counted in thousands of years, to be "an exaggeration" so "gross" as to deprive it "of any

dating value". Those who know of the Divine Kings in the dim, far-away past—those guardians of the Secret Wisdom, to whom age, in the physical sense, was impossible—will recognize in these claims, survivals of actual ante-diluvian records. Moreover, quite apart from Theosophy, there is nothing archæologically new in the reputed longevity of the Divine Rulers of antiquity, for anyone may turn to ancient Egypt and to Manetho's List of Kings to find that, in the "Dynasty of the Gods", Hephaistos is said to have reigned nine thousand years.

We wish Mr. Gadd had told us more about the Ziggurat—that mysterious, architectural mountain at Ur—and his ideas as to what its uses and purposes were; for we feel that he could tell us much more if he would. Despite what he says, we think it more than likely that astronomical observation was at least a part of the use to which it was put, for astronomy was held, from the earliest times, to be one of the sacred sciences. But we are reminded by what Herodotus tells us of the Ziggurat of Ur, that it was also a place where the Mysteries were performed, perhaps, also, a place of initiation. In fact it must have served much the same purpose that certain of the pyramids of Egypt did, and while it is probable that Herodotus was entrusted by the priests with but partial truth regarding the Mysteries, there must have been at least a foundation for what he wrote.

Both these books are clearly and delightfully written; they are richly illustrated, and they will be found to be very fruitful as well as most interesting reading.

T. D.

Process and Reality, by Alfred N. Whitehead, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1929; price $4.50.

The publication of this work is probably the most significant event in its field since the appearance of *Creative Evolution*. Indeed, *Process and Reality* may be interpreted as a continuation of Bergson's work, although it is a continuation with many original elements. Professor Whitehead is, by temperament and training, a mathematical physicist and not an introspective psychologist. If his conclusions are often almost identical with Bergson's, his method is very different.

He has named his cosmological scheme "the philosophy of organism". It is his thesis that reality, as opposed to potentiality, is inseparable from actual process or growth, and that every manifestation of process is an organized sequence of events constituting the history of some particular entity. Each event of that history sums up the past experiences and relationships of the entity in which it occurs, but no two entities follow exactly the same order in their development. Every entity is a unique creature, and the process whereby it becomes itself is, in some degree, distinct from all other processes in the universe. Thus, Nature is a state of continuous creation. Like the poet's "Beauty", Nature is old, yet ever new.

Whitehead criticizes the Aristotelian idea of a "primary substance" as the source of many of the worst misconceptions of modern philosophy. It is certain that both materialists and idealists have been hypnotized by the notion that reality is, in the last analysis, an absolutely simple and homogeneous substance. They have assumed that ultimate reality—whatever that may mean—has no correspondence of nature with actual experience. Philosophical mystics, like Plato and Plotinus, who have claimed the experience of a deeper reality than is vouchsafed to most men, have given a different account of what they found. *The One* of Plotinus is not a state of barren monotony, but infinitely richer and more diversified *within its unity* than any actual world of which we can conceive. It is the perfect flowering of a reality which we already experience, though dimly, here and now. Whitehead is not a philosophical mystic, but he is more humble than most metaphysicians in the presence of actualities, and he has recognized the need for reconstructing what he calls the Category of the Ultimate.

"'Creativity', 'many', 'one' are the ultimate notions involved in the meaning of the synonymous terms 'thing', 'being', 'entity'. These three notions complete the Category of the Ultimate" (p. 31). Creativity is "the principle of novelty" both in the unified universe as a whole, and in the many entities "which are the universe disjunctively." The field of creative action is a unity and a multiplicity. There is a host of "particular actualities", but each actuality is an integration or, as one might say, an incarnation of the universe. "An actual

entity cannot be a member of a 'common world', except in the sense that the 'common world' is a constituent of its own constitution. It follows that every item of the universe, including all the other actual entities, are constituents in the constitution of any other actual entity" (p. 224). But although every entity is, in one aspect, the universe, it is also itself, a centre of independent existence, an individual upon some plane of being. "The oneness of the universe, and the oneness of each element in the universe, repeat themselves to the crack of doom in the creative advance from creature to creature, each creature including in itself the whole of history and exemplifying the self-identity of things and their mutual diversities" (pp. 347–348).

In his concluding chapter, Whitehead finds a place for God in Nature. This God is given two natures, the primordial and the consequent. Viewed as primordial, God is "the unlimited conceptual realization of the absolute wealth of potentiality." On the other hand, "the consequent nature of God is the fulfilment of his experience by his reception of the multiple freedom of actuality into the harmony of his own actualization" (pp. 521, 530).

These may sound like hard sayings, but the ideas which underlie them are less obscure than might be expected. They bear a definite resemblance to certain doctrines of the Sankhya School of Indian philosophy. The "primordial nature" of God may be compared to the latent consciousness of Purusha, the creative Spirit, which impresses upon Prakriti, or Nature, the potentialities of form and motion. Under the constant impulsion of Purusha, Prakriti converts the potential into the actual, and this process of "materialization" in Nature awakens a corresponding process in Spirit whereby its latent consciousness is awakened. Purusha, in its awakened and Self-conscious condition, seems to be a counterpart of the "consequent nature" of Whitehead's God.

"By reason of the relativity of all things, there is a reaction of the world on God . . . He shares with every new creation its actual world . . . His derivative nature is consequent upon the creative advance of the world . . . He saves the world as it passes into the immediacy of his own life" (pp. 523–525). There is the implication that the consequent nature of God includes in its Self-consciousness the sum-total of the experience of all lesser entities. In the terms of mysticism, an entity becomes consciously immortal in so far as it is aware of its union with God.

It is unfortunate that Whitehead's thought is too often obscured by the technical jargon which he inflicts upon the reader. Even the specialist must find the going difficult, and the layman cannot expect much more enlightenment than he might receive from a medical journal or a legal document. Professors of philosophy should repeat to themselves as a warning the comment of James I upon Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, that it reminded him of "the Peace of God which passeth all understanding".

S. L.

The Mysteries of Britain, or the Secret Rites and Traditions of Ancient Britain Restored, by Lewis Spence; Rider & Company, London; 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Spence, in this new volume, seeks to prove that, on the strength of Britain being universally regarded by the ancients as the "Sacred Isle", it must have had a secret tradition and mysteries entirely independent of those of Egypt and India; and he appeals to the national pride of his countrymen not "to find in alien systems, æsthetic and philosophic, that which is seemingly more desirable than anything of native origin" (p. 7). So far as this appeal would tend to make his readers forget that all mysteries are one, and that all true initiates meet in the Great Lodge, whose centre since the decline of Atlantis, millenniums B.C., has been in Egypt and Asia, we are forced to disagree. But of the existence and vitality of mysteries and of a genuine mystery tradition in Britain, there can be no doubt, as the author clearly demonstrates. Nor can we doubt that its special characteristics would be calculated to appeal with the force of inheritance to native Britons.

However, the Druid mysteries of the historic period had much that was decadent about them; and the student of Theosophy, interested in the Right and not the Left Hand Path, would be more concerned with the corrective influence of "imported" mysteries, through

Christianity, Masonry, etc., than with any available evidence of the mere survival of native mystery rituals, or claims to possess them. The indiscriminate study of the mysteries cannot be recommended if the lay reader is to be attracted. Nevertheless, the Druids, the Welsh Bards, the Culdees (whom Mr. Spence almost ignores because they were Christians), and Arthurian and Grail Legends (in their Celtic form), contain much of great interest and significance; and Mr. Spence's popularly written account of these is both suggestive and stimulating. There is, however, in the reviewer's opinion, much more to be said; and a better case can be made out by exactly reversing Mr. Spence's thesis, and by presenting the strong evidence of original Egyptian influence in what has outwardly survived, going back almost to Atlantean times (which apparently lies in the background of Mr. Spence's mind, but is nowhere mentioned), and contributing all that was best, we believe, in the true mysteries of Britain.

X. Y.

The House of the Soul, by Evelyn Underhill; Methuen and Co., Ltd., London, 1929; 2*s*.

It would have been a privilege to have been numbered amongst the "small group of like-minded people" to whom this series "of informal addresses" were given in 1929, and, added to the brilliance of exposition exhibited in this booklet, to have had what must be Miss Underhill's earnestness of personal conviction. In reading and re-reading these one hundred and ten little pages, we are treated to the same precision of thought and grasp of fundamentals, the same wealth of illustration from the great host of mystics who have written of the soul, which the author's successive works have led one to expect. But we are also treated to something more. This volume deepens the impression of those which preceded it, *Man and the Supernatural*, reviewed at length in the QUARTERLY, April, 1928, and *Concerning the Inner Life*, reviewed January, 1927. Miss Underhill has not only studied the literature of mysticism and the discipline of the religious life, she has applied that discipline, and has started herself upon the great adventure. She writes, therefore, more and more from experience, with the added stimulation, and we may say attraction, which that always gives to any discussion of the inner life. *The House of the Soul*, an image borrowed from the great St. Theresa, and applied most effectively in an allegorical way to the cardinal and theological virtues, is no longer an artificial house, constructed from select materials of other peoples' houses, but an actual house in which the writer has lived, which she has many times "spring-cleaned", and in the upper chambers of which she is determined to establish her dwelling. The lower story of four rooms, requires a quaternary of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude to rule over them; once firmly established in these we may hope to ascend successfully, and to find an upper triad of Faith, Hope, and Charity,—spacious rooms these, in which the consciousness of the soul may enlarge its vision of life, transcend "our limited anthropocentric outlook", and be lifted up "to a certain participation in the universal Divine outlook" (p. 70). "Faith—often so cheaply equated with mere belief—is something far more than this. It is the soul's watch-tower; a solitary place at the top of a steep flight of stairs. Those stairs, for some souls, have almost the character of the Way of the Cross; so humbling are the falls, so disconcerting the evidence of our human weakness, so absolute the stripping, and so complete the sacrifice which is asked as the price of the ascent. Bit by bit, all the wrappings of sensitive nature must be left behind. And even for those to whom the way lies open, and of whom this utter denudation is not asked, it is sometimes a great effort to go up. The stairs are steep; we are, or think that we are, very busy. We know that if we do go, it must be with purified sight, clear of prejudice and of distracting passions, empty of our selves; for only in emptiness of spirit, as Ruysbroeck says, can we receive that Incomprehensible Light which is 'nothing else but a fathomless gazing and seeing'. With so little leisure and so languid an inclination, it seems better to mutter a few prayers whilst we tidy the kitchen; content ourselves with the basement view of the world, and rationalize this interior laziness as humility of soul. But if we do make the effort needed for that ascent, what a revelation! Busy on the ground floor, we never realized that we had a place like this; that our small house shot up so high into Heaven" (pp. 70–71).

Nor is this all. With great simplicity Miss Underhill adds her testimony to that of the long line of mystics she has studied, of what may happen to one who makes the venture of faith,

"When the curtains of Faith are drawn, we find that we are not alone in the upper room. A companion is there with us, and has always been with us; whom we hardly noticed—almost took for granted—when we were gazing at the marvellous view. Now in the dimness we draw near one another. . . . Here, where the mysterious Source of all beauty, truth and love enters and obscurely touches our spirit, the most secret and intimate experiences of religion take place. Happy in her bareness and poverty, the soul sits like the beggar maid at Cophetua's feet. She has no desire to look out of the window then. She is absorbed in that general loving attention which is the essence of contemplative prayer; an attention sometimes full of peace and joy, at others without light or emotional gladness, but always controlled by a gratitude, adoration, humble affection, which exclude all thought even of the needs of self. Such prayer, said one of the mystics, 'brings God and the soul into a little room, where they speak much of love'" (pp. 80–1).

Miss Underhill is herself witness to the truth which Dante portrayed, that thought and imagination are pioneers of the will, and lead the will. What a man thinks, that he becomes; and if he think continuously of mysticism and the Mystic Way, soon or late he will find himself, first desiring to tread, and then treading, that Way. Therefore Miss Underhill's achievement, just because her original approach seemed to be purely intellectual, is to-day an especial inspiration, and earns the gratitude of all who are interested in living the life. Y. X.

Pagan Regeneration: A Study of Mystery Initiations in the Græco-Roman World, by Harold R. Willoughby; The University of Chicago Press, 1929; price $3.00.

The author is Associate Professor of New Testament Literature in the University of Chicago. His work is scholarly, but is pleasantly less dead than most works of that kind. For one thing, he has chosen a living subject, and although he could have made ten times more of it if he had studied *The Secret Doctrine*, he has not killed it with pedantry or with materialistic interpretation. In successive chapters he deals with "The Greater Mysteries at Eleusis", "Dionysian Excesses", "Orphic Reform", "The Regenerative Rites of the Great Mother" (Cybele-Attis worship), "Death and Rebirth in Mithraism", "Isiac Initiation" (Cult of Isis), "The New Birth Experience in Hermeticism", "The Mysticism of Philo". He falls into the common error of assuming that a spiritual and moral significance was extracted in later times from a rite or myth which originally was entirely naturalistic in meaning—that Attis, for instance, was merely the god of vegetation—instead of realizing that the origin of all these cults is to be found in the ancient Mystery Doctrine (Theosophy), which was less a doctrine than a spiritual experience, and that the lives of great Adepts often revealed the inner experience in dramatic form, which was then interpreted to suit the needs of different classes of men, in descending degrees of simplicity, and in terms less and less spiritual,—often to the point of utter corruption. "Take, eat, this is my Body. . . . Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood"—did not originate in the blood sacrifices of savages, but in the Mystery Initiation (a spiritual experience) of the Egyptian Lodge, while the blood sacrifices of savages were a dreadful perversion, by degenerates, of that most ancient of all symbols.

In the Preface, the author states that for some years he "has been fascinated by the problem of the genesis of Pauline mysticism", and asks how it could have come about that, with primitive Christianity "essentially unmystical in character, Pauline Christianity developed in a way to accentuate the mystical phases of religious experience." How he can think of St. John's Gospel, and of the sayings of Jesus, as "unmystical", is beyond our comprehension. That the apostles, for the most part, were terribly "thick", though good and devoted, cannot be questioned; but even their stupidity was not equal to clouding the mystical significance of the Master's own statements. These, however, are criticisms, and do not seriously affect the value of the book, which is a mine of suggestive facts for the student of Theosophy. The author especially deserves our gratitude for his recognition of the reality of the experience which came to those who followed faithfully the ancient rules of discipline: "the immediate result for the Jew [Philo] as for the Egyptian [the follower of Hermes] was an ecstasy which each interpreted as divine possession. In that culminating moment the divine spirit flooded the human soul and temporarily, or permanently, transformed it into divine essence" (p. 260).

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 346.—*If the personality is the food for the growing inner spiritual life, may we infer that the more we are crowded by events, the faster the growth?*

ANSWER.—The more we are crowded by events, the faster the growth—if we make the right use of these events, guided by aspiration and intuition, and guarded by detachment. But "Kill out the hunger for growth". J.

ANSWER.—The pressure of events, of life and of daily living, certainly affords opportunities for more rapid inner growth, assuming that we keep the personality where it belongs, giving it orders and using it as an instrument. But if we are "crowded" by events, or if we allow ourselves to think that we are "crowded", there is the danger that we may become a little breathless, that we may fight as those that beat the air. Immediately, then, the personality attempts again to assume control. We ought never to feel "crowded", if we exercise right discrimination in regard to the relative importance of events, if we make a right choice in regard to apparently conflicting duties. It has been said that there is always time to perform every real duty, and to fulfil it thoroughly and completely. We do not have to perform *all* our duties all at once. The feeling of being under great pressure may very well be for us a reminder to stop for a moment, and to ask ourselves whether these apparent duties which are crowding in upon us are real or imaginary; whether or not they are immediate; whether they have to do with purposes of soul or are, instead, illusions which the personality has suggested. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Not necessarily. "Events" do not constitute the "personality", and it is not the crowding of events which furnishes our growth, but the manner in which we meet and handle them. Many people live lives crowded to suffocation with events, but they seem to go out of life little wiser than they came into it. Others, passing their days in comparative isolation, and far removed from all strictly outer activities, draw nourishment for a "growing inner spiritual life" from outwardly colourless years. One has but to read the lives of many of the saints to realize what seclusion did for them. Having few material distractions they were able to turn their whole attention inward. Yet, even if a solitary life were not a matter of deliberate choice, but were enforced and distasteful, it would be the spirit in which we faced the very uneventfulness of our days which would further our growth; the pouring of the best of ourselves into such few things as we might find to do; the wresting of the deepest lesson from each experience, however insignificant; persevering good cheer in the face of loneliness; unfaltering trust in Divine guidance and protection, no matter how deep the silence of isolation; determination to be faithful to the end. This attitude of mind and heart, if maintained courageously, would certainly feed "the growing inner spiritual life", because much of the power hitherto imprisoned in the personality, would have been released, to be used for higher purposes. There were countless heroic examples of this during the World War among allied prisoners, caught in the desolation of internment camps. T. A.

QUESTION NO. 347.—*In* The Key to Theosophy *which a member of your Society recently gave me, I find it stated that Theosophists do not pray; yet the friend who gave me the book goes to church and joins in the prayers of the congregation. Is she a hypocrite (which I cannot believe), or is there some available explanation of the author's statement?*

ANSWER.—*The Key to Theosophy* does not limit itself to the statement quoted. (Parenthetically, we may say that even if it did, no member of the Society is under any obligation to agree with it, and certainly would not subject himself, or herself, to any criticism or suspicion of hypocrisy if, not agreeing with it, he went to church and prayed.) Madame Blavatsky goes on to define the kind of prayer in which she does not believe:

"Not in prayer taught in so many words and repeated externally, if by prayer you mean the outward petition to an unknown God as the addressee, which was inaugurated by the Jews and popularized by the Pharisees" (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 45).

The Key to Theosophy also says, page 47, that "prayer is an occult process bringing about physical results", and gives a solemn warning against its use for selfish and unholy purposes. True prayer is very different from selfish petition. It would seem that one of Madame Blavatsky's purposes was to indicate what real prayer may be, and to draw a sharp distinction between it and the superstition that trusts to the mere repetition of a form of words, without any reinforcement from will or sacrifice, the wings of prayer, lacking which it cannot rise. True prayer is a great power and a way by which, when backed by sacrifice and will, we can make force available on this plane for the Masters' use. Obviously, however, its purpose must be in line with their purposes or they cannot use it. The article, "War, seen from Within", in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1915, will be found illuminating in this connection.

If a little child runs to his father in simple love and trust, with some request, the father may or may not be able to grant it, but, if it be not bad for the child, he will certainly want to do so. The Masters are more, not less, human than we, and have far more compassionate and loving hearts. They have also great power. Those who go to them as little children are not disappointed.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—An answer to this question is given in the same section of *The Key to Theosophy* as that which contains the statement that Theosophists do not pray. The *Key* explains that there is another kind of prayer, in which students of Theosophy believe, which is called "will-prayer", which is rather an internal command than a petition, which is made "to 'Our Father in Heaven', in its esoteric meaning". The right to command, in this sense, must be earned by acting to the utmost of our ability through exercise of the will in accordance with our highest aspirations. By so acting, it is possible to evoke a re-enforcement of our heart's desire, which gives us the strength to carry out our resolutions. But the work must be done by us, and not left to "God" to do for us,—the latter being an interpretation of the meaning of prayer held by many Christians, and a misconception which "H. P. B." vigorously combatted.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—In *The Key to Theosophy* I do not think it is "stated that Theosophists do not pray," in the true sense of the meaning and purpose of prayer. So far as I am aware the author makes it clear that Theosophists *should* and *do* pray, though not to an anthropomorphic God, but "in 'communion' and simultaneous action in unison with our 'Father in secret'." Briefly, I think the querist's misunderstanding is due to not having grasped the significant distinction which the author makes between prayer that is merely petition and "kills self-reliance," and "*will-prayer*" which must be accompanied by right action on the part of the one who does the praying. It seems to me that the author emphatically advocates this latter kind of prayer; which may be exercised at home, or on the street, or in a church, or elsewhere.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—This question is answered at length in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of July, 1929, pages 56–57.

X. Y. Z.

QUESTION NO. 348.—*Being a very recent recruit in the ranks of Theosophy, I am puzzled by much of its vocabulary. For example, I cannot see any sharp distinction between individuality and personality, nor do the dictionaries make any, yet it seems to me Theosophists do. Am I right in this; and if so, what* is *the difference?*

ANSWER.—Briefly, individuality might be defined as that part of us which endures, which reincarnates, which has in it that spark of the Divine which should be consciously in command.

The personality in turn might be defined as the lower personal self, full of all kinds of powers and potentialities for evil or for good, depending upon whether the personality is "running things", or upon whether it is under control, being used as the instrument of the individuality. St. Paul makes this distinction between the individuality and the personality abundantly clear, and patient study of *The Key to Theosophy* will also shed much light on the difference between them. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Theosophists do make a distinction between the personality and the individuality, the distinction being that the one is fleeting, the other persists. Every "divine Ego" coming into incarnation, is born, each time, with a new personality; i.e. with certain undesirable tendencies brought over from past lives; certain peculiarities, certain limitations, all of which must be transformed or transmuted into such qualities as are known to be desirable. In *Fragments*, vol. I, page 27, we read: "What mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, *deep in your heart*, obscures and trammels you!" etc. The individuality, on the other hand, is made up of immortal and divine qualities, and may, in fact, be said to be "the immortal and divine Ego", around which, during incarnation, the veils of the temporary personality are wrapped. The first qualification for chêlaship (Cf. *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, page 4) is the "Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal," and one interpretation of this would be, that it is the duty of every aspirant for chêlaship to endeavour to look through the unrealities of the personality (in everyone he meets, as well as in his own) to that which is real and immortal. In *The Theosophical Glossary*, page 234, it is said: "Thus the *Personality* embraces all the characteristics and memories of one physical life, while the *Individuality* is the imperishable *Ego* which re-incarnates and clothes itself in one personality after another." T. A.

ANSWER.—The article "For Inquirers" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1926, gives a brief description of the meaning of a number of the most frequently used Theosophical terms, including the two terms in question. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Students of Theosophy employ certain terms to express meanings or ideas not usually attached to them by others. Hence, a definition of many terms used in Theosophical literature becomes necessary to a proper understanding of their significance. The terms "individuality" and "personality" are employed by students of Theosophy to distinguish between the spiritual and material principles in man. To them, the individuality is the real, incarnating and permanent spiritual Ego, and our various and numberless "personalities" only its external masks. [Vide *The Key to Theosophy*,—"On Individuality and Personality", p. 91.] The word "personality" is derived from the Latin *persona*, which means "mask". The "personality" is also referred to in Theosophical literature to signify the "lower nature", which must be controlled and mastered by the "individuality", or spiritual Ego, until the former is transformed into the likeness of the latter. The mask then, by being worn thin, no longer conceals, but reveals the spiritual Ego, as a tight-fitting glove expresses the hand. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 349.—*Ought not the children of Theosophists to be superior to other children?*

ANSWER.—A great deal seems to be taken for granted in this question! Without, however, going into fine distinctions, it may be said that the children of students of Theosophy should have opportunities which cannot fall to others. Unfortunately, it does not follow of necessity that they will use their opportunities. There is an old saying to the effect that you can take a horse to the stream, but you cannot make him drink. Further, unusual opportunities may mean that a soul has earned the right to special moral protection, or they may mean that a soul is in dire need, and that the parents of the growing personality may have had a 'forlorn hope' entrusted to them. In certain circumstances, children may inherit, not the virtues, but the opposites of the virtues of their parents. H. T. E.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 26th, 1930, beginning at 10:30 A.M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are invited.

6. On Sunday, April 27th, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public lecture. Tickets are not required for admission. Invitation cards will be supplied to all members, on request, so that they may have opportunity to call the lecture to the attention of their friends who reside in New York or in the vicinity. Following the address, tea is served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N.Y.

March 1st, 1930.

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